April 1974

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R. D. Laing; Purging Radical Economists; John Ford; Studs Terkel on Working Women; People's Tax Guide/$1

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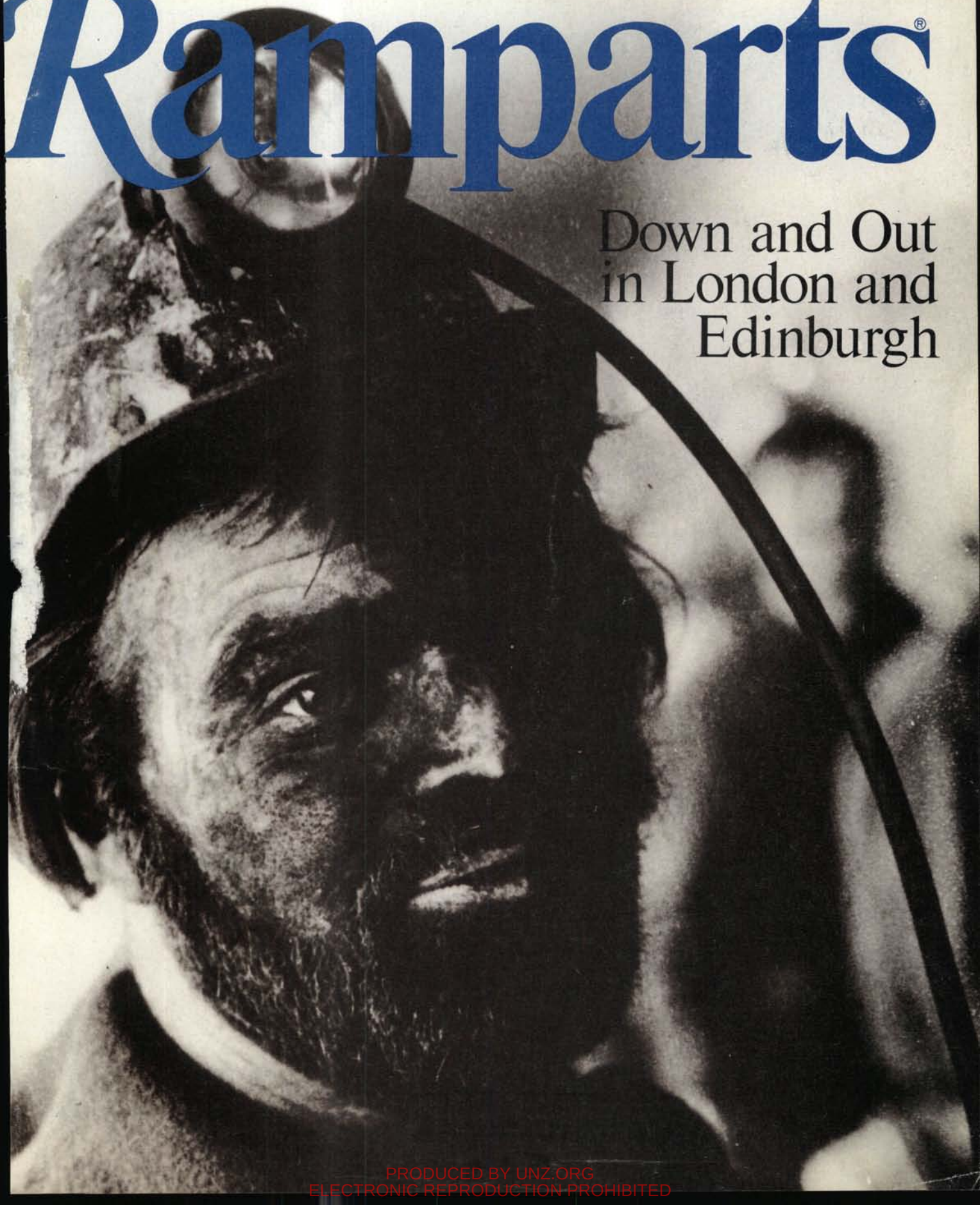

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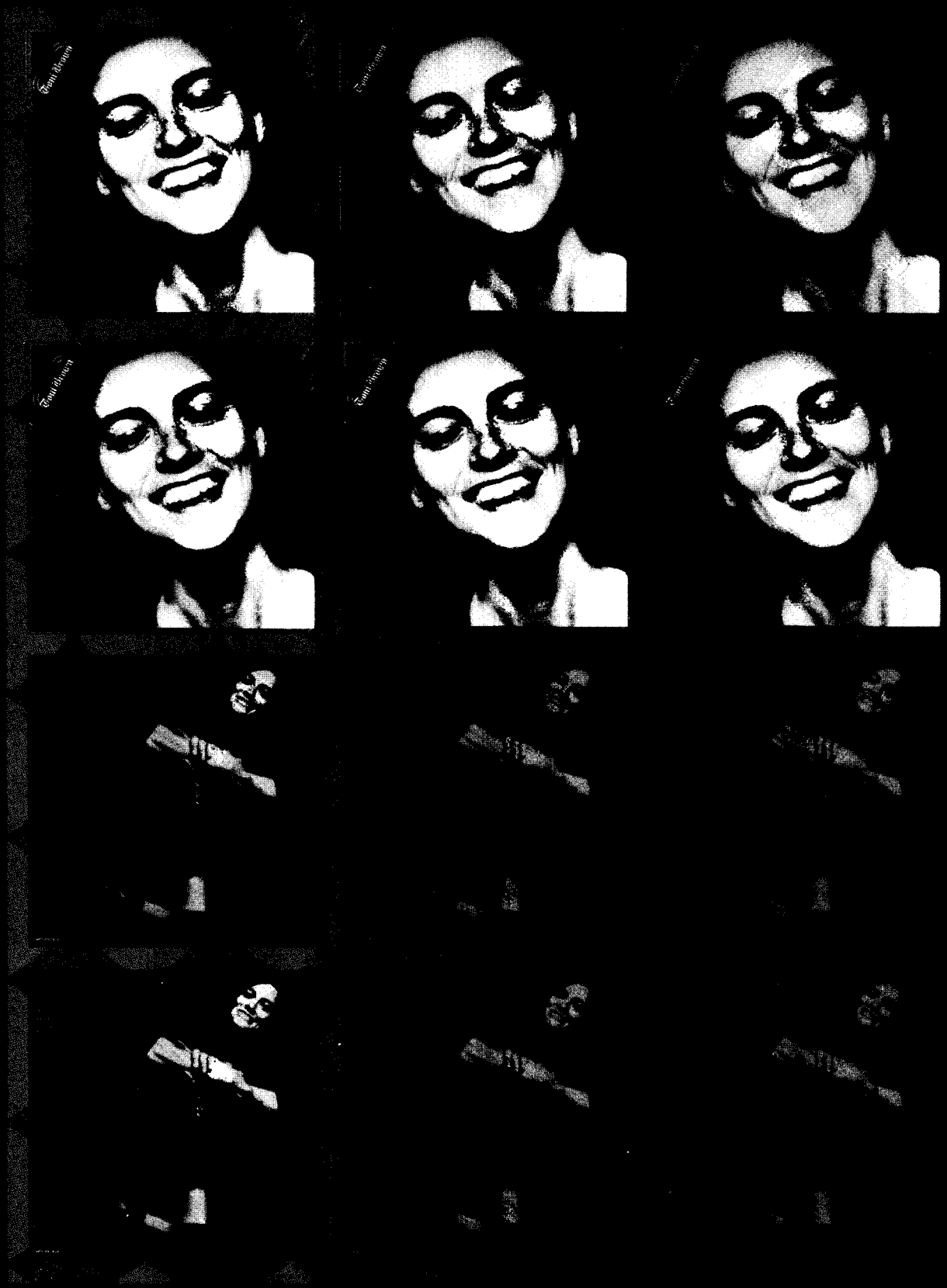

Toni Brown. From Boston to San Francisco, from The Joy of Cooking to Toni & Terry's "Cross Country" album last year, from a band to a solo singer-songwriter, playing her music and singing her songs at Chip Young's log cabin studio in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Toni Brown has travelled many roads to bring her music home; it's been good for her and "Good For You, Too."

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Ramparts

Volume 12, No. 9 April 1974

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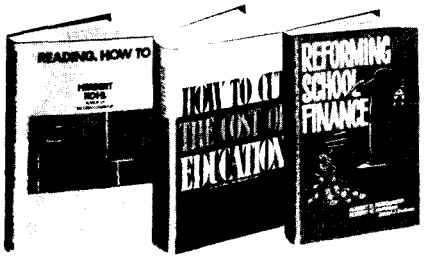

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Letters

[GREEK JUNTA]

Editors / "The Junta is Dead, Long Live the Junta," [*Ramparts,* Feb. 1974] describes well the situation in Greece as it was, and as it continues to be. I left Greece to return to the U.S.A. within 48 hours of the student rebellion. I spent three weeks in Greece, soaking up sun, spending money in tourist traps, and feeling paranoid of police. Some basic observations: the police drove Plymouth Valiants and Harley-Davidson motorcycles, all equipped with Motorola communications gear. I also noted that almost all military equipment from tanks and trucks, down to uniforms and boots, were made in the U.S.A.

As if these materials in themselves were not enough to maintain fascist control over the people, the police academy on the island of Rhodes was staffed with amerikan instructors to insure the efficient use of this equipment. It's sad to say, yet true, that the regime in Greece could not survive without U.S. subsidies and support. It brings to mind a line from the film *State of Siege.*

"Governments come and go, but the police stay."

Scott Blair
Chevy Chase, Md.

[BLUEPRINTS FOR A NEW SOCIETY]

Editors / I was tremendously impressed with G. William Domhoff's article in the February *Ramparts.* I agree that formulating blueprints for the post-capitalism society are needed, and that the planning of them will serve many useful purposes for the very excellent reasons he outlines. I also agree that the work of formulating and promoting these blueprints should best be done (under present circumstances) by small groups of individuals working within a Left caucus of the Democratic Party, and that third party efforts are only doomed to continuing failure under our present electoral system.

However, there are two specific provisions I feel should be added to what he has said. The first is to establish an outline or a guide as a starting point to work from, to alter, and to add to. I believe this is essential for the sake of time and unity and to keep all of the study groups working in one direction without taking off in a thousand different directions at once. The study groups will later have a chance to change anything they don't like. This basic guide could be formulated by the organizing group, or a committee of its choosing, or it could alter or adapt an existing plan to fit the need. This outline could then be submitted to the study groups for approval as a starting point only.

Secondly, I think a national headquarters for this post-capitalism planning caucus should be established to coordinate the efforts of the many local study groups and to approve and consolidate changes in the basic blueprint. To reduce and facilitate the work of the national headquarters, I suggest the establishment of regional offices as intermediaries between the local study groups and the national headquarters.

Reynolds Moody
Miami, Fla.

Editors / It is gratifying to see *Ramparts* beginning to consider the other side of the radical Left dilemma, namely: What comes after corporate capitalism falls apart? Consequently, I welcome your publication of "Blueprints for a New Society."

Ramparts has consistently and effectively pointed out the social and economic impossibilities of the existing system. But you haven't had enough to say about how to improve things in the real world. Domhoff's article is an excellent beginning. It should provoke some lively debate.

My own experience as an International Union officer (Flight Engineers' Int'l Ass'n.) leads me to affirm most strongly Domhoff's analysis of the ideological positions, aspirations and limited revolutionary potential of working Americans. Admittedly, the attitude of the typical American worker is frustrating to radical idealists. But frustrated or not, the Left must take account of this attitude as a fact of life if revolution in the real world is to succeed. Otherwise the collapse of corporate capitalism is very likely to lead only to military dictatorship.

Jack Wahle
Menlo Park, Calif.

Editors / In general, thank you for the magnificent February issue. In particular, right on Dr. Domhoff!

Jay Samuels
W. Hollywood, Calif.

[HOSPITALS FOR SALE]

Editors / The quote attributed [by Health-PAC] to Boston's Mayor Kevin H. White is "false ["Hospitals for Sale" by Elinor Blake and Thomas Bodenheimer, Feb. 1974]. Boston's hospital system, which includes Boston City Hospital, has sufficient capacity to take care of Boston's ill, whether they can pay or not. No one will die for lack of access to a hospital bed.

The problem of financing the care of the millions of "medically indigent" Americans requires Federal action now, not in "many years." Hence, you would be better advised to level your attack at the President and Congress rather than at a Mayor who strongly believes that everyone has the right to good health care.

Leon S. White, Ph.D.
Commissioner of Health and Hospitals
Boston, Mass.

Health-PAC replies: Mayor Kevin White of Boston most certainly made the statement attributed to him. The incident occurred in the Mayor's office on February 4, 1973, following a press conference in which he announced major budget cuts for Boston City Hospital (BCH). As reported in the October 1973 *Health PAC Bulletin,* "On February 4, after his press conference announcing the budget cuts, 50 angry BCH workers and patients stormed the Mayor's office. A black woman told her story, the story of thousands of people—her child has a congenital disease, she cannot afford to go to Children's Hospital, BCH has saved her child's life for years. Mayor White listened and then actually said to her, 'Some of you people may have to die.' " Two of the authors of this October 1973 article were in the room when the mayor made this statement, and this account was independently verified by others in attendance. As far as known, Health and Hospitals Commissioner Leon White was not present at the time.

[POLITICAL PRISONERS]

Editors / I don't know anyone who has facts about the political prisoners in the U.S. I know that U.S. prisons are full of people, who, fucked by the system have enough pride to scream about it or attempt to take their share "illegally." I know that prisons are used by the "haves" to keep the "have nots" shut up. The Soledad Brothers are indeed political prisoners. But I'd like more information.

Perhaps you saw NBC's "news special" on Russia's political prisons. Throughout, I was frustrated by the feeling that someone with more information could produce the same type of ghastly look at the prisons in the U.S. If you can tell me where to get facts such as numbers of political prisoners in the U.S. and examples, please do.

Incidentally, I read a recent *Ramparts* after about four months without seeing an issue and felt a change for the better. I was particularly pleased to see a short story by Ishmael Reed and hope you can make fiction a regular *Ramparts* feature.

Rick Reed
Seattle, Wash.

[SOCIALISM IN CANADA]

Editors / Congratulations on your latest (Feb.) issue, especially on the well-balanced and accurate article on Dave Barrett's N.D.P. Government in British Columbia. I also thought your translated piece on Jean-Paul Sartre was splendid: it's difficult to find up-to-date and (apparently) unbiased information on that mercurial figure.

Peter Johnston
Toronto, Canada

Editors / There is nothing more amazing about the present American left-elite than the way it addresses its attention to socialist developments outside the U.S. I suppose that if one hasn't lived in a different political environment than America's left-wing cocoon, one is prone to make the more than

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GOVERNMENT SECRECY GOT YOU DOWN? MAYBE WE CAN HELP

Take your mind back to October, 1973. Public anxiety and suspicion about the energy crisis was in full tide. To break through the veil of secrecy drawn around industry operations by the oil companies, the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on multi-national corporations took testimony "in closed session" from James E. Akins, former head of the State Department Office of Fuels and Energy.

One of the things Akins told the committee was this: Over the past three years, executives of major American and foreign oil companies held at least 50 secret meetings in London to talk about the taxes they pay to Arab oil countries. These taxes affect petroleum product prices throughout the world. They make a big difference not just in how much you have to pay for gasoline at the pump, or for oil to heat your home. They affect the price we pay for everything from food to hospital care, whether there is going to be work enough for everyone, whether the poor and aged can make it.

Yet we still don't know what went on at these meetings. In fact, for four critical months of "public debate" we didn't even know they had taken place. We are not even sure what else Akins had to tell the committee. As the Los Angeles Times pointed out, "The State Department reviewed the testimony and deleted some sections before it was made public."

Forget about Watergate and oil. Consider testimony before Congress by the leading security classification expert that all but one half of one per cent of the 20 million documents the Pentagon holds as secret should be made public, or that at one point the Justice Department was writing wiretap authorizations as if they were petty cash vouchers.

There is just so much any one of us can do, or permit ourselves to feel, about the outrages committed in our names by the people we elect and those they appoint. We have to pick and choose the issues to which we can give so much as our anger. We would just as soon tell ourselves that things probably are better than they seem, that we are perhaps becoming paranoid. Almost by default, we have permitted our government to become habituated to secrecy.

That is why we have formed the Committee on Government Secrecy. The Committee has so far enlisted the contributions and support of thousands of Americans who share our concern. They include Democrats, Republicans, people in between, and others to the left and to the right.

The Committee's job is to make their concern and support effective, and to persuade other Americans that there is something we can do about secrecy in government.

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He wants to hear from people who have had personal experience with systematic government secrecy: lawyers, reporters, journalists, ordinary citizens, who have been denied information by bureaucratic fiat; government workers who have seen administrative machinery used to render coverups, or for no discernibly useful reason at all — in short, anyone who wants help in breaking free of the secrecy habit.

And we need your money. The more of you who join us, the more we can do. $25 will do a lot. When you have relaxed, when you have grown tired, the Committee will still be working. We are not a "Center" or a "Think Tank" or a lobby. We won't spend your money building a staff or buying office furniture. Our goal, plain and simple, is to restore the right of the people to know what their government is doing. Think of it as an investment in your freedom.

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irresponsible statements of the sort Derek Shearer let spill in his article, "British Columbia: Socialism in One Province," [*Ramparts*, Feb. 1974]. Like *The New Republic*, *Ramparts* continues its growing trend towards armchair analysis from a great distance in this most irresponsible and for me particularly painful analysis of Canadian socialism.

Since deserting the U.S. Air Force and arriving in Canada in 1969, I have had an intimate involvement with the New Democratic Party, from doing research at the federal level of the NDP within the offices of NDP Members of Parliament to provincial work in Saskatchewan in the capacity of researcher for several NDP elected and appointed officials. With some first hand knowledge, I would like to make the following clarifications.

Dave Barrett, with lots to respect and commend, is the only NDP provincial premier who can *afford* ($$$$$) to institute the democratic socialism Shearer so dreamily continued to refer to. It happens that W.A.C. Bennett, the previous British Columbia premier, left one huge reserve of money for Barrett. Barrett's victory catapulted him and the NDP into an extremely wealthy situation. GIVEN THE DEMOCRATIC SYSTEM, Saskatchewan is almost as socialist as can be expected. The NDP inherited debts instead of wealth. Average wages here run seventh in the provincial spectrum ranging from 1 to 11. As a result of classic dual economy which is urban foreign dominated, with a rural domestic agriculture and a hinterland colonial freight rate structure, regional disparity is redolent here. Granted, there are industries to be nationalized (or provincialized in this case) but too much haste, *given the democratic system, folks*, is likely to make much waste of what has been achieved so far. One error of major magnitude and the government topples.

In the meantime, the Saskatchewan government has initiated the first land bank program which attempts to break monopoly farming by itself buying and selling land. As with the medicare program, Saskatchewan will be the first province to have socialized dental care, and this has nothing to do with "degeneration" unless Shearer considers state provisions for basic needs degenerate, as he might well think. Personally, I am an anarchist and therefore not statistic, but I can reason out the revolutionary-evolutionary patterns in political direction in terms of practicality. The "excess timidity" Shearer arm-chairs about is just not evident here any more than in B.C. It boils down to B.C. having lots of money and endless (seemingly) resources and Saskatchewan not having such limitlessness. Perhaps one has to be rich before *Ramparts* recognition occurs. Millionaires do make the best socialists, eh Derek.

Buff Parry
Regina, Sask., Canada

Derek Shearer replies: I apologize if I slandered the NDP in Saskatchewan; however, Mr. Parry should have noted that the source of my critical quotes on the NDP in his province was a Canadian magazine, *Canadian Dimension,* as well as an in-depth study of the Saskatchewan NDP, *Agrarian Radicalism* by Seymour Martin Lipset.

I totally agree that the NDP in Saskatchewan has been severly limited by the lack of natural wealth in that province.

[THIRD SEX—A LAST WORD]

Editors / Having read the article, "The Third Sex" [*Ramparts*, Dec. 1973] and then having read the letters you chose to publish with readers' reactions in the next issue, the only comment I would dare to submit for publication is one that I believe originated with Mark Twain: "The human animal is the only one that can laugh at himself—and he has the most reason to do so."

I do not mean to imply that your readers have no sense of humor. I only mean to suggest that their published reactions do not betray its existence.

And if I myself had a few chuckles in reading the original article, it may only be explained in the words of the extra-terrestrial hero of *Stranger in a Strange Land*. He finally figured out why the humans stood laughing before the monkey cage in the zoo: "Because it hurts too much to cry."

"To be as clear, as analytical, as *effective* as possible . . . to make liberation happen" I would merely remark that the letters are all beautiful examples of the literature of sexual repression, just as they have hinted that Nolan's article is.

John H. Davenport
Boulder, Colorado

Daniel Berrigan has written 8 books of poetry, 13 books of prose, and this journal from hell.

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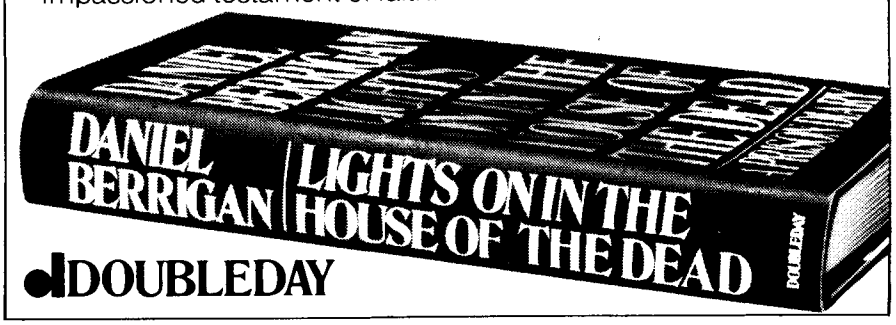

DOUBLEDAY

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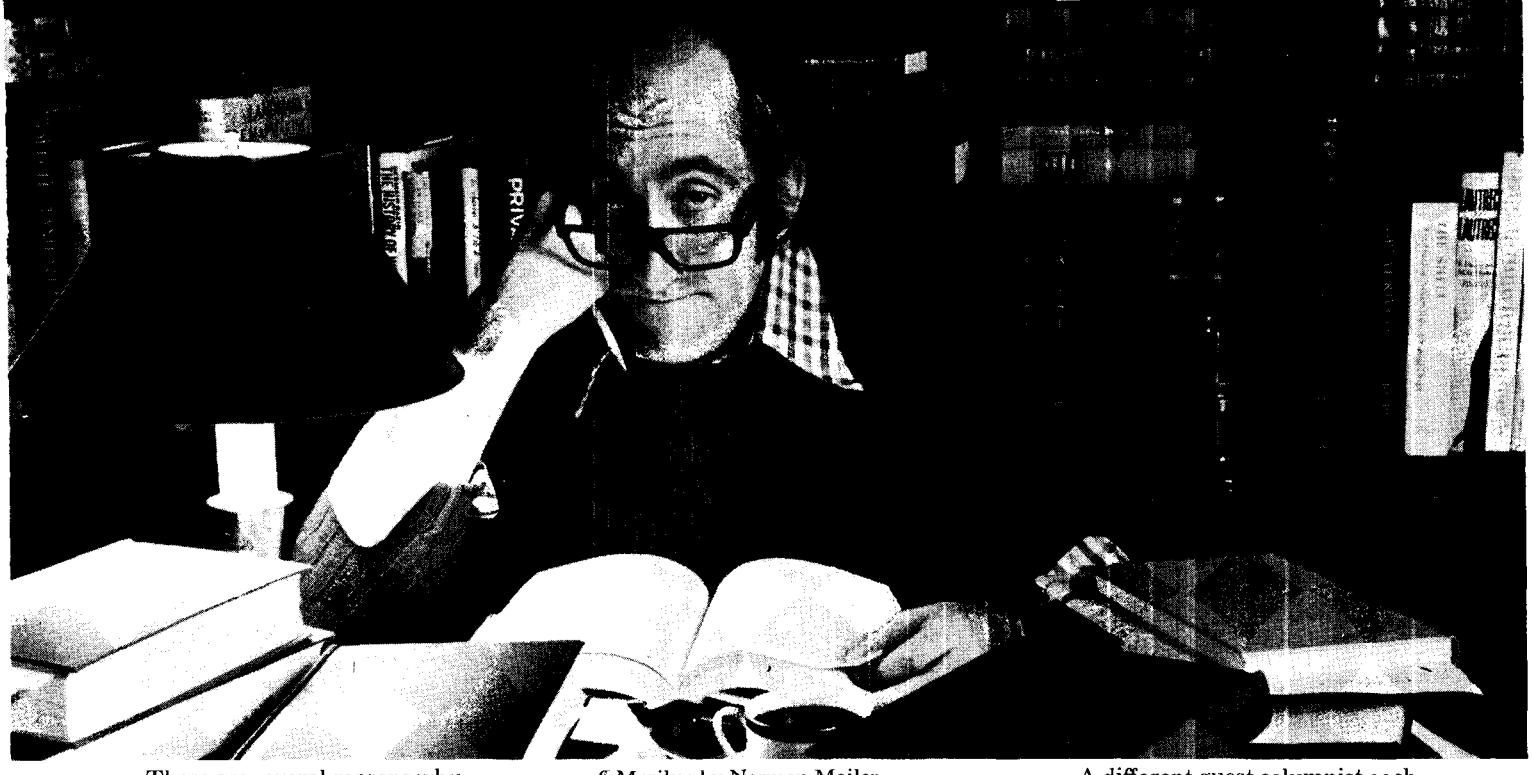

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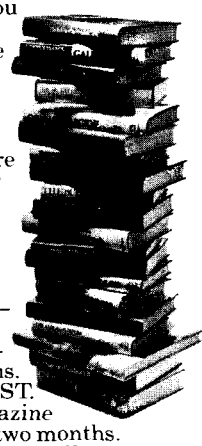

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Lee Lockwood /Black Star

Some of His Best Friends Were...

by Paul Jacobs

Jesuit Daniel Berrigan has always identified himself with the Jews, sometimes in small ways—he often wears a Jewish star hung from around his neck and greets friends with the traditional "shalom"; sometimes in large ways—he announced his decision to go underground in 1970 at a "freedom seder" attended by thousands of radical Jews at Cornell University.

So, last fall, when Daniel Berrigan spoke in New York on Israel and "Responses to Settler Regimes," his description of himself should have surprised no one: "In America, in my church," Berrigan told his audience, "I am a Jew. I am scarcely granted a place to teach, a place to worship, a place to announce the truths I live by. I stand in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral to pray for the victims of our ceaseless rage, I stand in front of the White House. And a question arises from both powers: how shall we deal with this troublesome Jew?"

Yet today, this Irish Catholic priest who calls himself a "troublesome Jew" is the focus of a bitter and growing controversy that has arisen from that speech, a controversy that divides the pacifist movement and what remains of the anti-war movement, and that has forced Christians and Jews who have known each other for years into confrontations and fracturing of friendships that have withstood all other trials.

For the speech which Daniel Berrigan gave was not only fiercely, and often bitterly, critical of Israel, but spoken at the annual gathering of the Association of Arab-American University Graduates in the midst of the latest Mideast War.

Of course, the response of national Jewish groups and their leaders to Berrigan's speech was predictable: any criticism of Israel, except by Israelis and even then only in the mildest terms, is perceived as a new threat of anti-Semitism or, if voiced by a Jew, as self-hate.

One rabbi, for example—the spiritual leader of a prestigious and wealthy New York synagogue—wrote in an angry letter that Berrigan has a "diseased mind." He went on to criticize the publication which printed Berrigan's speech for having done so, his letter to the editor revealing, partially, how many Jews now see past relationships with people like Berrigan: "Our working together with non-Jews for the attainment of progressive ends always boomerangs," he warned, "and our erstwhile partners in the same enterprise inevitably become our enemies."

Now, every place Berrigan speaks, a group of young Jews appears, perhaps members of the Jewish Defense League, distributing leaflets headlined "Berrigan an anti-Semite," and disrupting the meetings by shouting and screaming when Berrigan attempts to talk. And in the press, the argument

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flourishes. The *New York Times, New York Post, Washington Post,* major newsweeklies, and numerous TV stations, have all reported reactions to the speech; and Berrigan has been criticized by columnists as far apart as Max Lerner, John Roche and William Buckley, Jr.

But this time Berrigan is being attacked not just from "predictable" places; this time, harshly, bluntly, former comrades and supporters in the anti-war struggle—Jews, Catholics and Protestants alike—are also turning on "this troublesome Jew." And together they have accused him of what he calls "a very cruel kind of epithet . . . the worst that could be hurled at me and quite wounding . . ."

The "cruel epithet" is that he is an "anti-Semite." Michael Novak, a maverick Catholic theologian and once a close friend, excoriated Berrigan's "bad taste and foolish judgment" in the pages of *Commonweal,* a liberal-radical Catholic magazine. In his vitriolic condemnation of Berrigan, Novak even stated that Berrigan has brought back memories of anti-Semitic fanatics like Fathers Feeney and Coughlin. (National Jewish organizations are now distributing Novak's article by the thousands.) The Reverend Donald Harrington, a well-known Protestant pacifist who heads the Community Church in New York, refused to present Berrigan with the Gandhi Peace Award unless he could dissociate himself from Berrigan's views, which Harrington claims "trailed off into anti-Semitism."

And Rabbi Balfour Brickner, a founder of the anti-war Clergy and Laity Concerned About The War In Vietnam, has said that, as a result of Berrigan's speech, the continuation of such an anti-war coalition as Clergy Concerned "is now impossible and will remain so until there is a hard confrontation . . . Berrigan says he is no more 'anti-Semitic' than 'anti-Catholic.' The world has no need for more of either." Arthur Hertzberg, another rabbi associated with the anti-war movement and now president of the American Jewish Congress, ended his analysis of Berrigan's speech with an echo of Harrington: "Let us call this by its right name: old-fashioned theological anti-Semitism."

Even Nat Hentoff, whose name has appeared with Berrigan's on many radical appeals, condemned Berrigan: he told *Village Voice* readers that after reading about "the old fashioned putrescent theological anti-Semitism that Father Daniel Berrigan has been spreading about the last few months, my instinctual reaction was: 'The next time that schmuck gets into jail, let the Catholics get him out.' "

[TREMORS OF PAIN]

Perhaps as prophecy, Berrigan had told his Arab audience last fall, "it is of course scarcely possible to open the moral question of Israeli or Arab conduct today without exciting the most lively passion and risking the most serious charge." But even Berrigan acknowledges now that he had no idea of the magnitude of criticism or range of critics his speech would create. He knew his immediate listeners would not like even the few moments he took chastizing Arab countries for their "deception," their "contempt for their own poor," their "cupidity," and their "willingness to oil the war machinery of the superpowers . . ."; he expected, too, a response from conservative Jews and national Jewish organizations. But to have his friends and allies react like this has hurt deeply.

And meanwhile, the remnants of the anti-war movement have split as badly over the Berrigan speech as a stronger, larger movement broke in 1967 when the New Politics convention in Chicago was bludgeoned by the fight over Israel.

Part of the reaction of course can be blamed on timing. The timing of the speech could not have been worse. Under the best of circumstances, Berrigan's specific analysis of Israel would have drawn sharp replies from supporters of Israel, but the fact that the speech was delivered to an Arab audience only a few days after the war had started was to them, in itself, unforgivable. To that charge, Berrigan has replied that he had accepted the invitation to speak long before the war broke out and would have behaved immorally if he had not appeared because of the war or had allowed the current circumstances to alter his basic critique.

But behind the sudden outrage over Daniel Berrigan lie larger questions than simple timing or diplomacy, and none of them hold easy answers. I have known Daniel Berrigan and many of his new critics for years, and I know Israel because it has been a special passion and concern of mine, as has the entire Middle East. And unlike Berrigan, I am not *like* a Jew; I *am* a Jew.

Berrigan's critique of Israel is complex, angry in tone, correct in some important aspects, but, I believe, seriously in error on a few major questions. Berrigan erred badly when, for example, he asserted, flatly and unqualifiedly, that Israel's "peacemakers, her men of truth and wisdom, are dispensed with, are disposed of. They have neither power nor voice in the affairs of the Israeli state. Many of them are in prison or hounded from the scene, living in exile."

That statement is *not* an accurate description of reality in Israel. Many of Israel's peacemakers teach at the universities, write in the daily press and serve in the Knesset. And while they may not have much power now, they do have a voice. Nor are they in prison, although Israeli jails *do* hold some Israelis whose political beliefs or objections to war were translated into actions which got them imprisoned. Strangely, Berrigan did not discuss the far more serious problem of how the Israeli police keep many Arabs in prison through the use of a law permitting "administrative detention" for almost indefinite periods of time. Yet I do not think Israel is a "nightmare," as Berrigan describes it, nor that "terror and violence and murder is applied to dissidents."

My own disagreement with Berrigan focuses on the fact that, overall, he projected no real understanding of the Middle East and, specifically, of the tensions and ambiguities in Israeli life. Instead, he presented a categorical and oversimplified "good guy, bad guy" thesis without taking into account the very sharp differences about Israeli policies that divide Israelis.

To some extent, too, I feel Berrigan's speech was out of phase for this period. The Middle East conflict is *not* the same as the war in Southeast Asia, for the issues are far more confused and the equities more evenly distributed.

Berrigan's language also offended some of his friends. When he described

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Israel as a "criminal Jewish community," he sent tremors of pain through Jews for whom such language conjured up once again the awful visions of the European Jews cremated by the millions because the Jews were a "criminal race." And to compound the sin, Berrigan compared Israel's anti-Arab "racist ideology" to that used by the Nazis. But the shameful Israeli arrogance about Arabs is not the same as the Nazi use of crematoria to exterminate the Jews.

The response to Berrigan of Arthur Waskow, the radical religious Jew, suggests some other profoundly disturbing questions which have surfaced as a result of the speech. For Waskow "the deeper issue" is that of "Dan Berrigan as Jew. He is not. He does not share the joys and agonies of the Covenant between the Jewish people, God, and the Land—or know how to argue, as a Jew, of what that Covenant entails. By claiming Jewishness and asserting that the Jews have betrayed the Covenant, he triggers in Jews the oldest image of the dangerous Christian: the Christian who claims the Church is the New Israel; the Christian who honors the suffering Jew, but cannot hear that the Jewish hero is not Jesus crucified or even Akiba tortured, but the Moses who won his peoples' liberation; the Christian who leaps toward sainthood, and is baffled by the plodding Jews. Dan Berrigan is no anti-Semite, but what Jews remember was that from roots like these in the past have flowered the most serious, the least brutal, the loftiest anti-Semitism—and the deepest.

"But yet . . . it is a root of much good also," Waskow continues. "Berrigan would say the best of Christianity stems from its Jewishness—not only the Jewish Christianity of centuries ago, but his own flesh-and-blood Judaized Christianity today. The Jewish community needs to hear that reality too, the reality that Berrigan has done the serious study of some of the strands of Jewish tradition that have taught him deeply to be Berrigan."

[BEYOND RATIONAL DISCOURSE]

Clearly, though, the Jewish community does not want to hear Berrigan, for despite the serious errors he made, the basic substance of what he said has been voiced by others, including Israelis. Why, then, the incredible row being made over Berrigan? Surely, he is not being denounced as an "anti-Semite" merely because he was wrong factually or abrasive in his choice of terms? Other critics of Israel have been occasionally wrong and used harsh words to describe the country without causing such a violent reaction. Obviously, the heated responses to Berrigan provide a window through which can be discerned the outlines of disquieting emotions and attitudes.

Michael Novak's *Commonweal* article rejects the view that Christians have any right to distinguish between Zionists and Jews. He denounced Berrigan for using the word "Zionists" because "the groundswell of American Jewish identification with Zion is overwhelming. Zion is home, Zion is roots, Zion is heritage, Zion is identity. To be a Zionist is now virtually identified with being Jewish—and the difference between the two is not for a Christian to adjudicate. There is a tone of voice, 'the Zionists in our midst,' which is as ominous as any tone the human voice can utter."

Novak's thesis that Zionism and Judaism are "virtually" identical today is of extraordinary significance to the Left and the anti-war movement. Novak pushes further to claim that any attack upon the "Zionist" is an attack upon the "Jew" and therefore must be considered anti-Semitic.

That idea, not unique to Novak, emanates from the deep feeling of guilt many Christians (and non-Christians) feel about the fate of the Jews in the Christian West. But if the concept is accepted, Israel and the Jews will have been done a grave disservice. Israel may be Zion, but it is also a nation like others, composed of imperfect men and women, and as capable of error—deep, deadly error—as any other. Obviously, any harsh criticism of Israel makes many people, including some of Daniel Berrigan's best friends, intensely uncomfortable; but discomfort is always the consequence of criticism. Criticism is wrong when what it says is wrong, not because it is criticism.

The real questions surrounding Berrigan's speech turn not so much on Berrigan but on the change of attitude which this latest war in the Middle East seems to have brought to many, a change Norman Podhoretz is now labeling "Instant Zionism." According to Podhoretz, American Jews "have all been converted to Zionism."

Podhoretz's categorical statement, of the same absolutist order as those for which Berrigan is being so bitterly attacked, is of course "Instant Nonsense," but contains strands of truth, just as does Berrigan's assertions about Israel. And the new attitude expressed about Berrigan by many of his former friends suggests that the Yom Kippur war stirred up in the Jews, at least, the ancient fear of the pogrom—this time one not visited on the Jews of a *shtetel* village, or on the Jews of Germany, but on an entire nation of Jews. The key thing is the degree of emotion with which the Middle East issue has always been laden: for many American Jews the subject of Israel is something beyond rational discourse in a way that Vietnam, for instance, never was.

Berrigan is philosophical about what has happened to him. "I knew I was going to get into heavy, heavy, deep water," he told me, but "I was really surprised at the depth and extent of it. They've made me into a pariah and said a lot of noxious things about me. But I've just swallowed hard and tried to be at peace. I wouldn't raise the questions I did in the same way again, so I've learned something. Overall, I feel good."

Berrigan agrees now that he should have formulated at least part of his critique in other ways, and that he might have made a more apt choice of words. Obviously he has learned something from the experience. I hope those of his former friends who were so quick to denounce him as an anti-Semite can learn something too: that while it is entirely appropriate to attack Berrigan for his errors about Israel on the words in which he expressed them, it is entirely wrong to move from those disagreements to a denunciation which completely cuts off further talk. For the real thing to be learned is that *no* area of politics, not Israeli policies or anything else, can be put in a separate, sacred compartment where no criticism or dialogue can be heard. Otherwise there is no hope of bringing peace out of the tragedy of the Middle East. □

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Photoreporters

Brazil: The Underside of the Miracle

In Rio it is hard to miss the two faces of Brazil. The huge statue of Christ, standing on the Corcovado Mountain overlooks blocks of flats rising in the suburbs of Ipanema and Copacabana, the fashionable areas of town where nightclubs, cafes and expensive boutiques line the streets and where rich young Brazilians go to buy their authentic Vietnam combat gear, complete with bloodstains. Traffic jams of Volkswagens, music blaring from their radios, wind along the strip of land between Guanabara Bay and the mountains, and bring the Avenida Vargas in the center of town to a rush-hour standstill. With growth rates averaging 10 percent for the past five years, inflation down to the "manageable" rate of 15 percent, and rapid expansion in exports, the capitalist development of the world's sixth largest and seventh most populous state is well under way. As prices of primary products—coffee, sugar, soya beans—soar, Brazil is carrying out an extensive industrialization program: industrial production rose 14 percent in 1972, an estimated 15 percent in 1973. Manufactured goods already account for over 30 percent of Brazil's exports: Volkswagen alone exported $36 million in goods from Brazil in 1973.

This is one side of the Brazilian "miracle." The other is equally obvious. Downtown Rio is sporadically frozen as uncovered trucks, carrying 30 heavily armed military police, roar through with wailing sirens to unknown destinations; there may be a riot in a *favela* (shanty town), or a demonstration at a football match a directly political problem. Then again there may not. Ask a Brazilian in the street and he'll just shrug, smile, and say nobody knows. It may all just be a show of strength. In banks, armed guards in specially plated observation boxes survey every customer. Road blocks in out-of-town districts are common. Military police control all traffic, and after 10:30 p.m. the areas around military academies are cordoned off and placed under guard.

Muffled echoes of violence appear in the press—enough to intimidate, but not enough to inform. Odd accounts of "bandits" and unexplained "shoot-outs" appear on the inside pages. A story about a Spanish priest mysteriously "assassinated" in a railway station neglects to mention he was helping to organize victims of the government's economic policy. A sensational account of the roundup of 60 teenage "hooligans" in the center of the same town does not say who they were, that most of them were starving children from nearby *favelas*, nor that some of them were killed.

Yet despite the facade of careless ignorance, everyone knows. Any Brazilian can tell you where the OBAN torture center in Sao Paulo or the CODI center in Rio. Everyone knows about the Death Squadron, the off-duty police group that has murdered at least 2,000 opponents under

by Fred Halliday and Maxine Molyneux

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"mysterious" conditions: you cannot avoid them, because their unlicensed Cadillacs, emblazoned with the monogram "EM" and a skull and crossbones, can be seen prowling with darkened windows along the streets of major cities.

The dead are silent, but it is easy to find the living victims of government terror, the women paralyzed by multiple beatings and rape, the men psychologically destroyed by their time in the hands of government torturers. They have had electrodes placed all over their bodies—on their hands, feet, ears, tongues, and genitals. They have spent hours, sometimes days, tied into containers of freezing water. They have been hung for a week or more by their knees from the *pau de arara,* the parrot's perch. While hanging they have been beaten with special clubs and given shock treatment. Their ear-drums have been pierced, they have been injected with penthotal, the "truth drug," had their cells filled with disorientating gas.

Those who can, talk. Thousands more—it is not known how many—have died. The government, like its later imitator in Chile, practices the policy of the big lie, denying everything. International protests have had little effect: foreign capital continues to flow and the U.S. gives both political and economic backing to the regime, as well as training its officers in the art of repression. In May 1971 the Western Hemisphere Affairs Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate, under the chairmanship of Senator Frank Church, held hearings which amply demonstrated the scope of torture in Brazil. In 1973 Amnesty International published a detailed *Report on the Allegations of Torture in Brazil,* listing 1081 documented torture victims. The government's main response has been to issue new instructions on dealing with badly marked victims: whereas before they were sometimes released, they are now to be killed. A crippled, live body is incriminating.

[RESISTANCE AND COLLAPSE]

Stretching inland from Brazil's Atlantic seaboard towns is the vast interior, over 60 percent of it still forest, a forest which generates an estimated two-thirds of the world's oxygen. In the Amazonian wilds and in the dry lands of the North-East, more than 30 million people live in conditions as violent over time as the worst urban prisons. Here an economic reality that was always brutal has been accentuated by the government's "opening" of the interior. The two new highways promised wealth to the region, but instead have brought even fiercer exploitation, and the guarantee of more direct military control.

Brazil's economic development has been characterized by regional booms and slumps, creating severe regional and structural imbalances. In the North-East, a depressed relic of the sugar-producing slave plantations, real income has fallen in the past decade to around $200 per capita and half the population dies before the age of 30. In the Amazon jungles, the Indian population is being wiped out by guns and disease. In this century alone, 87 tribes have disappeared, and the Indian population has declined from two million in the last century to less than 80,000 today. The government is aiming to settle 80,000 families along the new Amazon highways. It offers them land, but no tenure, a shack but no aid. The jungle is difficult to live in, almost impossible to farm. But the peasants have little choice; many come from the deserts of the North-East and having reared their children on parched earth, are attracted by the promise of at least abundant water supplies in the Amazon jungles.

Protests are occasionally heard about the fate of these families, or about the policy of genocide and government expropriation; or discoveries are made of "slave" camps in which indentured labor is held by groups of armed guards. And although the cries of victims in the jungles and deserts are even more strangled than of those in the towns, one group has achieved some attention in the past two years. They are the *posseiros,* the small farmers who migrated to the jungles from the North-East in the 1930s and 1940s and are now being displaced by the speculators—*grilheiros*—and large financial interests moving in from Sao Paulo. In 1972 a small guerrilla movement began operating near the town of Marabá in Pará state, concentrating its activities along the river Araguia. Led by about 50 members of the pro-Chinese Revolutionary Communist Party of Brazil who had settled in the area in the mid-1960s, they executed a number of large estate owners and survived series of attacks by government troops and freelance vigilantes sent in by land speculators. Their demands are for security of land tenure, and for a fair price for local produce: middlemen were selling Brazil nuts at 13 times the price they paid to the small farmers. In the province of Mato Grosso, a French priest, Fr. Jentel, was sentenced to ten years in prison in 1973 for helping peasants to build a health clinic and resist expropriation by *grilheiros.* In July 1973, 150 peasants seized the town of Porto-de-Lacerda to protest against the policies of the local estate-owners, the Bertolucci brothers.

These isolated rural protests reflect the violence of the process underway in the Brazilian interior. They are unlikely to impede its progress in the short-run, although the question of the rural economy is ignored at peril. The multiple opposition forces seething beneath the Brazilian surface are uncoordinated and face a brutally efficient enemy. In the first four years of military rule the generals appeared divided about political guide-lines, and the pre-1964 constitutional opposition hoped for a revival of "democracy." But in 1967-1968 the situation became more antagonistic: the "democratic" politicians were pushed to one side by the military; workers angry at inflation and students protesting military rule staged mass demonstrations. Sections of the left-wing opposition, exasperated by the failure of peaceful protest, formed armed urban guerrilla groups and went into action.

The Costa e Silva government responded by promulgating Institutional Act number 5 (known as AI5) under which the President received full powers. Constitutional guarantees were ended. Parliament was suspended and ministers sacked. The nationalist group of officers led by General Lima, known as the Nasserists, were expelled from office, and all pretense of a return to constitutionality was abandoned. A wave of unprecedented violent repression swept Brazil.

The regime's hardening line coincided with a radicalization of the Left. As elsewhere in Latin America,

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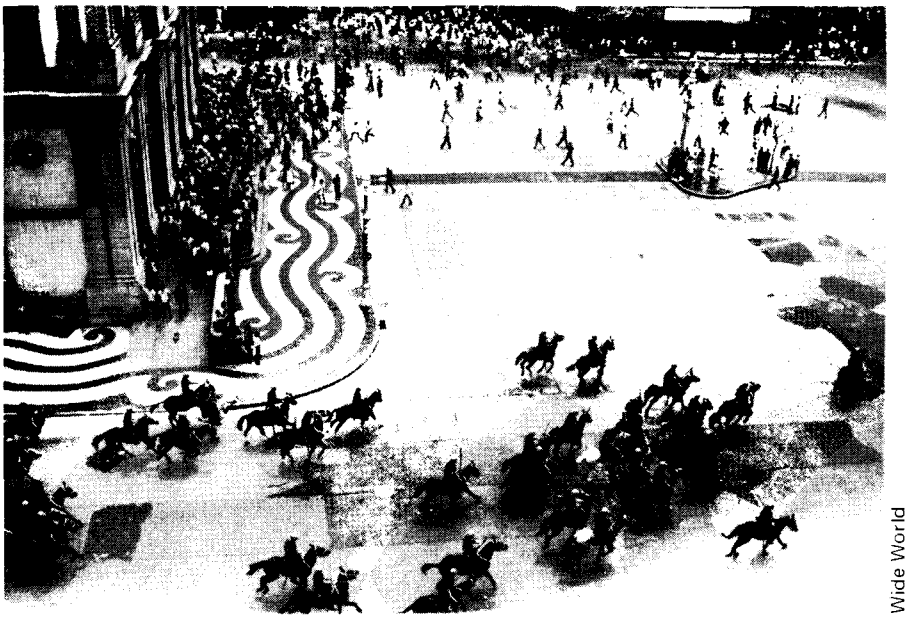

Wide World

Police cavalry dispersing student protest, Sao Paulo, 1968

many young members of the opposition, including Church radicals, influenced by the world prestige of guerrilla war (Vietnam, Cuba, China) and radicalized by the failures of the Parliamentary Left, believed that the regime could be overthrown through the building of a guerrilla movement. The evident futility of the peaceful politics pursued until then, and a number of initial successes (culminating in the kidnapping of U.S. Ambassador Burke Elbrick in September 1969), appeared to offer a viable alternative. But by the end of 1971 it was clear this policy was unsuccessful: the leaders of the guerrilla movement were killed (Marighela in 1969, Lamarca in 1971); most of the guerrilla groups had been smashed, and those that continued had all they could do to survive. Only one of the original urban guerrilla groups, the National Liberation Action (ALN), now holds to its original positions.

The overall reason for the failure of the guerrilla strategy was its isolation from the masses, the absence of a mass movement parallel to the guerrilla actions. This dulled the propaganda effect of specific actions which appeared to most people to come out of the blue—and meant that there was no "water" in which the "fish" could swim. The groups were condemned to a hermetic clandestinity. Whereas in Argentina the guerrilla groups active in the period preceding Peron's return ran side-by-side with a vibrant, organized working-class movement, no such movement existed in Brazil, and while the strikes of 1968 signalled deep discontent, they were not coordinated with the guerrilla organizations. The slogan of the ALN was an attempt to transcend this problem: "Action Builds Organization." In fact, action did not build organization. A self-criticism published by some guerrilla groups in early 1973 admitted as much.

[DARING TO PROTEST]

After the doomed offensives of 1968-70 came a period of retrenchment. Today there are a variety of non-military forms of opposition. For example, it is true that no organized trade union opposition survives above or below ground. The existing trade union structure was dissolved after the coup. Labor demands are now mediated through the state-controlled trade union officials (known as *pelagos*—turncoats) who act as organizers and informers under a system inspired by the corporatism of Vargas' Presidency. The passing of more than 2,000 decrees concerning labor have replaced the courts and made trade union law the exclusive preserve of government bureaucrats. Yet amidst the massive expansion of Sao Paulo, where at least 250,000 peasants come to find work each year, labor agitation has recently resumed. In the winter of '73 there were a series of stoppages and lightning strikes in all major Sao Paulo car works. Isolated protests were reported in July among construction workers in Belo Horizonte, the third largest town, from the dockers of Santos, the largest port. These outbreaks did not in themselves constitute any threat to the industrial regime; but they did show that repression could not stifle all protest.

The most vocal government critics are found in sections of the media and in the Church. While cinema, a mass medium, is heavily censored, the theater, which is attended by only a minority of the intelligentsia, expresses greater opposition. In the center of Rio, a play called *Missa Lega* (Lay Mass) is staged three times a week free of charge. It is an outspoken, violent attack on the government, relying on audience participation. It gets its response; the mixed audience of students, radical bourgeois and urban workers continues to fill the large theatre and the play is in its second year. Another play staged in Sao Paulo in August, *Um Grido Parado No Ar* (A Cry Frozen in The Air), portrayed a group of sad, disillusioned intellectuals harking back to an unspecified time when things were "better." A scarcely concealed portrayal of a torture scene, and a stream of complaints against censorship and dismissals, conveyed the despair which has gripped Brazil's intelligentsia: the hopelessness of the play may have contributed to its being allowed to play.

Music also remains an important form of popular protest. People still sing the radical songs of Gilberto Gil and Caetano Veloso—ones they wrote before their imprisonment in 1968. At a recent concert Gil presented his latest numbers to a packed audience; they received a tepid response, but the audience nearly brought the house down when he sang his early political numbers. Gil and Veloso, after living in Europe and the U.S., have abandoned politics for mysticism, saying the stakes are too high; but there still exists within the world of music an important school of protest culture, headed by the popular and radical Chiquo Buarque de Holanda.

In the printed media, tighter control is maintained. Theoretical Marxist works of no apparent practical application (Mandel, Althusser, Marcuse) are translated and sold to those who dare

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buy them (it is believed the newsstands are monitored by the police, on the lookout for possible "agitators"). Books on political opposition, and especially on armed struggle, are firmly banned. The daily press is entirely complicit with the ruling elite, although differences among sections of the bourgeoisie are reflected in news coverage and editorials. One section of the elite is represented by ex-Minister of Planning Roberto Campos and finds expression in the weekly *Politika:* its main position seems to be that there should be greater "political pluralism" to correlate with the "economic pluralism." The satirical weekly *Pasquin* prints gossip and graphics that might offend the public puritanism of the regime. More serious than either of these is the weekly *Opinião* (Opinion): founded in October 1972, it claimed a circulation of 30,000 and contained Brazilian coverage, plus material from the *New York Review of Books, Washington Post, Le Monde, Guardian* and *New Statesman. Opinião* went to the limits permitted in Brazil: it printed protests by Catholic Church leaders and reports on permitted "social" problems, while its heavier criticisms were reflected in articles on foreign countries–reports about torture in Turkey, censorship in Vietnam, or the building of socialism or guerrilla struggles. Tolerated at first, *Opinião* was soon blocked: in April 1973 an issue was banned, and since then tight censorship has been maintained. The editors must submit the material and, to conceal the censorship, no blank spaces are permitted. However spaces of black with the printed-out message "Read *Opinião*" tell their own tale.

The most active, wide-spread opposition is within the Catholic Church, taking at least three forms. The National Conference of Bishops (the CNBB), and Archbishop Dom Helder Camara of Recife in particular, have unflichingly condemned torture and the economic oppression of the country's poor majority. The government has responded by placing bishops under house arrest and limiting their ability to spread their views. Lower down the hierarchy, there has been widespread and sometimes violent opposition from priests and nuns who have worked in opposition activities with students, dwellers in shanty towns, and peasants. In 1968-69, a group of Dominican priests, one of whose slogans was "Love today is political or it is nothing" were charged with having contact with the guerrilla activities of Carlos Marighela.

Outside the ranks of the clergy lie a third category: radical Catholics who see their religious duty in campaigning for social justice and the end of military rule. While many members of the Catholic Church have been radicalized in recent years, there has also been a movement in a complimentary direction: militants outside the Catholic Church, who four years before might have favored armed action, now work with the Church as the most concrete way of reaching the poor. The Church also offers minimal protection from repression.

The active crushing of opponents has gone together with a subtle ideological campaign, designed to mobilize support and give the impression all is well in Brazil. The most blatant example of this is the censorship, which in 1973 took the unprecedented step of banning all live radio news broadcasts to prevent unwelcome statements. No medium can mention torture, armed opposition, or strikes. Nor was there any reporting of the recent means the Army used to select the 1974 Presidential nominee. The ban on leaving blank spaces where articles have been cut is the key to the ideological campaign: the policy of concealing government intervention at this level. Sports heroes–Pele in football, Emerson Fittipaldi in racing–are boosted by covert government policies, and sports are deliberately used as a means of encouraging diversionary chauvinist feeling. It is common, on the Brazilian Left, to hope for national defeat in international sporting events.

A favorite ploy in this "indirect" propaganda campaign is the promotion of little "messages," which are set to music, placarded along with commercial advertising, distributed as bumper stickers. "Say No To Inflation" was arranged as a samba. "Brazil Deserves Our Love," and "We Are All Part of A Great Successful Enterprise–Brazil" are standard. When the Brazilian football team returned from their World Cup victory in 1970, President Medici greeted them with the phrase *"Ninguem segura este pais,"* No one can stop this country."

If sports are the most obviously prompted diversion, another of even greater potency is *umbanda,* the religious system of the Brazilian masses that mixes Catholicism and African religions brought by slaves. The symbols of Catholicism–statues, vestments, bells, candles and so on–are invested with the significance of African religions: like voodoo in Haiti, this syncretic belief centers on trance and often on sacrificing animals, and forms an ideological and social system for most of the population. But these practices are not confined to the poor: the top officials of the government consult their *macumbeira* fortune tellers, while even in the center of Sao Paulo, shops sell devotional objects used in services.

While traditional Catholicism and *umbanda* may be neck and neck in competition for myth and ritual, they differ in a political respect. Catholicism has an explicit, formulated, moral system and a public institutional form that permits opposition to the government. *Umbanda,* to the contrary, encourages fragmentation resignation, and a wild forgetting of all problems. There is truth to the Catholic Church's complaint that the military actually encourages *umbanda* rather than Catholicism, as a tool for controlling the population.

[PROSPERITY BUILT ON SAND]

The economic record is the rock on which the Brazilian regime now stands. Brazil has a relatively unified ruling group, in which a highly centralized system is administered by a few military and civilian figures, while private capitalists, mainly from abroad, get on with their allotted tasks. Brazil has a double economic advantage: prices for its basic raw materials have risen while foreign investment in manufacturing has also multiplied. By 1968, 69 percent of U.S. investment in Brazil was in the manufacturing sector. This boom in both kinds of production has been facilitated by the "undogmatic" capitalist policies associated with Economics Minister Antonio Delfim Neto. The *cruziero* has been fractionally devalued around every 40 days. Wages, prices and debts have been adjusted to

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In early 1972, peasant leader André Luis Campos and his comrades were imprisoned in the state of Maranhao in northeast Brazil. The following is from a letter written by Campos in late 1972 to the President of the National Conference of Brazilian Bishops, and smuggled out of jail. They are still being held somewhere in Brazil.

Mr. President,

I write this to bring to the knowledge of Your Excellency, and of other ecclesiastical authorities of our country and of the world, events which are becoming almost routine, normal, for the police authorities, a matter which wounds our human dignity–the torture.

On March 16, I was removed from the prison of the PMM barracks (Military Police of Maranhao) by the official of the day, Lt. Mateus, and a sergeant of the guard, Sgt. Silva, and was left in the presence of two Federal Agents.

From this moment on they began to interrogate and beat me. They beat me until I fell prostrate on the floor. I was beaten with blows on my head, ears (the so-called "telephone" torture), chest, stomach, penis, coccyx and on the region of the lower abdomen above the penis, to the point of causing a rupture. Today my left testicle is enlarged as a consequence of the powerful pinches of which I was victim. I ate with great difficulty and managed to drink some liquid. On May 25 I was removed from the Police Station with four other peasants.

We were placed in a station wagon and our eyes were blindfolded so we wouldn't know where we were going. As soon as we arrived at the place we were taken to a big room. They removed my clothes, tied my hands with a rope, then tied electric cords to my toe, my index finger and my ears; all this on the right side of my body. Then they started to apply the strongest electric shocks. The pain was unbearable. In addition to electric shocks, these men beat me hysterically and with great sadism, and, moreover, with their guns aimed at my head, threatened to push a billy club up my anus. Beside all they said that we were going to leave there in the form of a *presunto* (literally, a ham; a term used by the Death Squad for its victims). They laid me on the floor and left me aside for a few hours. Next they tortured the peasant, Mr. Joaquim Matias Neto, General Secretary of the Rural Workers Union of [the town of] Pindare Mirim, to the point where he didn't resist any more having become crazy. . . . According to him, he was given an injection, but he didn't know what kind of injection it was. . . . From that day on Mr. Joaquim was no longer the same of healthy senses which he was before the tortures.

I was forced to sign a statement, the contents of which I was not permitted to know. I don't know what is written in it, but I believe that perhaps I have signed a "death penalty" sentence because they didn't allow me to read it. I signed it to save my life so I would be able to bring to the knowledge of all dignified persons of Brazil and of the world these cowardly, inhuman, indignant, repugnant and deplorable acts perpetrated by these executioners of the Brazilian "Gestapo." Even blindfolded I could perceive that we were at the 24th Batalhao de Caca barracks and I could recognize the voice of 2d Sgt. Marques, an active participant in the "festival of tortures"; I say festival because they amused themselves tremendously at the expense of our suffering and pain.

Here in Maranhao they are constantly imprisoning peasants who defend their rights, or try to better their living conditions, or demand land or a better price for their products. They are imprisoned and accused of subversion. They spend months in jail with their families abandoned in the countryside suffering all kinds of misery.

It is true that I am a prisoner, but I cannot and never will silence my voice, unless they take my life, as they constantly threaten to do.

Being sure that my appeal will be heard, I thank this respectable organization in advance for doing something for our democratic and human rights.

Sincerely,
André Luis Campos

(*Courtesy American Friends of Brazil, Berkeley, Ca.*)

compensate for inflation. The unqualified denationalization of the economy by encouraging foreign investment has been successful because of the favorable conditions already existing within and outside Brazil.

Behind the blazoned figures of ten percent growth lie a number of problems. The cost of the "growth" needs examining. The political cost–the thousands killed and tortured–has already been mentioned. On top of this, expansion has polarized incomes: in the decade between 1960 and 1970 the richest ten percent of the country increased their share of total income from 39.66 percent to 47.79 percent, while the poorest ten percent's share fell from 1.17 percent to 1.11 percent in the same period. The official claim is that the average per capita income is $430, but this conceals the absolute fall in the wages of the majority of the population and that only between 15 percent and 20 percent of the population benefit from the growth. The inflation figures also conceal the polarization: the price of *feijoa* (the staple black bean) rose 400 percent in 1973 as a result of a blight and the increased production of soya beans for export; potatoes rose 300 percent in the same period; and milk is unavailable because cows were slaughtered for beef to export. In the short term this represents an economic problem–the limiting of the domestic market because of the narrow spread of rising incomes; in the long term it portends a major political problem for the regime–that the now muted and disorganized resentment of the population may explode. Half of the population of Rio and Sao Paulo live in shanty towns: they keep out of the smart downtown areas. But one day they could move down and claim their own.

Foreign control has grown throughout the new economic boom: 100 percent of the car industry, 91 percent of the tobacco industry, 82 percent of rubber and 54 percent of chemicals are foreign controlled. The only leading industrial areas with strong Brazilian representation are petroleum, electricity and textiles. In the mining areas of the North-East and Amazonia, enterprises established before the end of 1974 are given tax remissions of between 10 and 15 years, provided they obtain official approval. With

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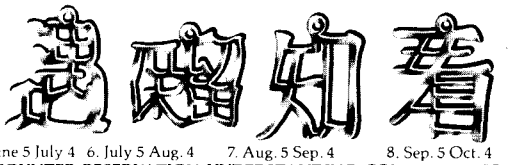

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6. July 5 Aug. 4 RESERVATION
7. Aug. 5 Sep. 4 UNDERSTANDING
8. Sep. 5 Oct. 4 CONTEMPLATION

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huge reserves of bauxite, iron, manganese, niobium and tin, Brazil is a source of metals essential to the U.S. economy's future. So great is the exploitation of the mining boom by the U.S. that, as one observer put it, "Little by little Bethlehem [Steel Corp.] is hauling Brazilian land back to the United States." On top of this dependence through direct control, and the absolute loss of material assets involved, there is the spectacular rise in Brazil's indebtedness, both in absolute terms and as a ration of export earnings. While exports are expected to rise from $4 billion in 1972 to $21 billion in 1980, the foreign debt is expected to rise from $9.5 billion to $75 billion in the same period.

Most dangerous of all is the fact that Brazil's prosperity depends on the continued stability of the world market and on the boom in primary products. If either of these situations changes the Brazilian economy will suffer a severe recession. If not, Brazil still faces the problems of too great a dependence on the export sector at the expense of the domestic market; the labor problems created by capital intensive industry in a country already plagued by under-employment; and the continued failure to bring about desperately needed reform in the agrarian sector.

[EMPIRE OF THE SOUTH]

So far the cracks have not appeared, and the U.S., which helped give birth to the military regime in 1964 is well pleased. (Five days after the Left-leaning President Goulart was overthrown on March 31, 1964, the *New York Times* reported Dean Rusk's praise of the military coup as an expression of support for constitutional government. The *Times* observed that the only other political figure in South America who still posed a threat to U.S. interests was a Chilean senator named Salvador Allende.) Among its plans to guarantee a continuation of Brazil's present course, Washington has promised to provide $58 million in military aid and to continue training hundreds of Brazilian personnel at the International Police Academy in Washington. Nixon complacently expressed his view in 1971: "We know that as Brazil goes, so will go the rest of the Latin American continent."

Indeed, Brazil's economic and military penetration of the rest of Latin America fits the overall U.S. strategy of decentralizing its power over the continent. Brazil has a common border with every other South American state except Chile and Ecuador. Its influence has spread to all its neighbors, near and far: while Chile represented the main continental rival before the September 11 coup, the focus of rivalry is now Peronist Argentina. In Paraguay, Brazil has won a major victory by helping to finance the Itaipú dam. This will give the Brazilians an important influence in Paraguay and enable them to control the waters of the Paraná river which flow into Argentina. In the other intermediary state, Uruguay, Brazil threatened to intervene militarily in the event of a Left victory in the 1971 elections and now patronizes the Bordaberry dictatorship. Brazilian influence helped install Banzer in Bolivia in August 1971. Brazilian interrogators flew to Chile to help the military junta after the coup, and a Brazilian football team was flown in to play in the Santiago stadium when Russia refused to send its team. In a tour of Andean capitals in July 1973, Foreign Minister Gibson Barbôsa signed credit agreements with Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador and Colombia, and Petrobrás, the state oil concern, is involved in Ecuador, Venezuela and Colombia.

Across the Atlantic, Brazil is strengthening its ties with African states to boost exports of Brazilian manufactured products. While Brazil has the largest timber reserves in the world, it is now planning to import timber from the West African state of Gabon. Not that politics are neglected: under the transparent banner of solidarity between Portuguese-speaking countries, the Brazilian junta has invested heavily in Portugal's African colonies as a means of supporting a like-minded regime; African liberation movements claim that Brazil has troops to aid Portugal's colonial forces.

Although firmly in command at home, the junta has been disturbed by recent trends in world diplomacy. Bred in a classic anti-communism, they are opposed to the conciliatory approach to socialist countries being shown in Washington, Tokyo and the capitals of Western Europe. The junta has let it be known that in a world deprived of firm Christian leadership, Brazil is ready to assume a "more important" role. This is an ironic and plausible fantasy in the tenth year of the dictatorship, but one that will become concrete in the person of General Ernesto Geisel, the man nominated to become president in March 1974. Geisel appears to represent a more rational and active style of executive power than that of his three predecessors: the lusterless Castello Branco (1964-1967), the manic Costa e Silva (1967-1969) and the thuggish Garrastazu Medici (1969-1974). He is rumored to favor a slightly more nationalist economy policy, having been the director of Petrobrás until his nomination, and he is almost certain to remove Delfim Netto as economic minister. Rumors also suggest that Geisel will encourage a somewhat more liberal regime. This is termed "political decompression" or, as one sycophantic newspaper commentator put it, the attempt "to promote the re-encounter of the Revolution with its democratic inspirations."

No one can tell. Every president has promised liberalization and a return to the constitution, but then has done nothing. Politics within the military are opaque, but the younger officers, members of an ultra-rightist faction known as the "Indonesians," favor intensified repression and have in the past blocked attempts by higher officers favoring a slight relaxation. There is nothing in Geisel's own political record or in his choice of henchmen to suggest that liberalization is on the way. The vice-presidential nominee is General Adalberto Pereira dos Santos, a known hardliner. Nor has 1973 been a "liberal" year: the Death Squadron has become more active after two years of obscurity; several opponents have been shot by police in mysterious circumstances. Geisel himself has let it be known that, in his view, "the confinement of the armed forces to activities which are strictly related to national security is absurd." We can be sure, however, that in the second decade of military rule, the torture—the direct mutilation of political opponents and the indirect economic torture of tens of millions—will go on.

Fred Halliday is an editor of New Left Review, *and author of* Arabia Without Sultans *(Random House).*

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William Hogarth—The Madhouse

R. D. Laing: The Politics of Madness

by Edgar Z. Friedenberg

"We are all murderers and prostitutes—no matter to what culture, society, class, nation, we belong, no matter how normal, moral, or mature, we take ourselves to be." This Ronald D. Laing observes early in his introduction to *The Politics of Experience,* published in 1967, when presumably he had filled both these roles to the degree appropriate to the circumstances of his life for just 40 years. Laing was born in Glasgow in 1927 and educated in the schools and University of that city, receiving his degree as medical doctor in 1951. "From 1951 to 1953," according to the information provided by the publisher of the 1970 reprinting of his first and most conventional book, *The Divided Self,* "he was a psychiatrist in the British Army, and then worked at the Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital in 1955: The Department of Psychological Medicine at the University of Glasgow in 1956; and the Tavistock Clinic 1957-61. He was director of the Langham Clinic, London, 1962-65. From 1961 until 1967 he did research into families with the Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, as Fellow of the Foundations Fund for Research in Psychiatry."

If, then, by 1967 Dr. Laing had come to regard himself, along with the rest of mankind, as prostitute and murderer, he had surely become an exceptionally well-informed one; and one whose information included a thorough and conventional psychiatric training and 16 years of experience as a practitioner. In the course of this time he had become, along with—though on somewhat different grounds from—Dr. Thomas Szasz, one of the two leading psychiatrists to base their work on a conviction that there was, in fact, no such clinical entity as mental illness.

To be told, as R. D. Laing and his co-author and fellow psychiatrist and Glaswegian Aaron Esterson assert in their

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rather truculent Preface to the second edition of *Sanity, Madness and the Family* that:

> *We do not accept "schizophrenia" as being a biochemical, neurophysiological, psychological fact, and we regard it as palpable error, in the present state of the evidence, to take it to be a fact. Nor do we assume its existence. Nor do we adopt it as a hypothesis. We propose no model for it.*

is more threatening to the practice of psychiatry than classifying psychiatrists among all the other murderers and prostitutes of the world. There really are murderers; and these might even be ranked and accorded respectful recognition according to observable variations in professional competence. The task would not be simple. Is a mother who, with no tools except wit, ingenuity, and the psychic heritage left her by her own family, drives a son or daughter to suicide to be accorded more or less distinction than a President of the United States who encompasses the violent death of hundreds of thousands of persons he has never even seen? The judgment is in principle possible, however difficult it might prove in practice.

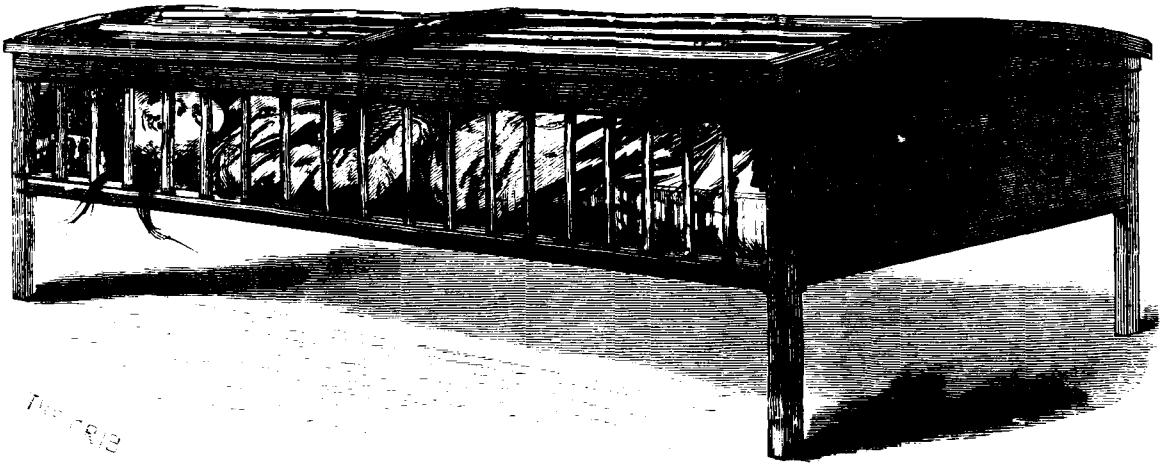
Laing, in the statement from which I have just quoted and elsewhere, makes it quite clear that he is not denying the possibility of mental illness—even schizophrenia. What he denies is its relevance as either a characterization of life or a therapeutic tool; while the dangers attending the abuse of the concept are manifest. The noun "psychotic" possesses the same kind of meaning that the word "felon" does; persons so classified certainly come to have a great deal in common after the classification has been applied, thus setting in motion the social processes that attack and confine them. It can even be shown that felons, or psychotics, as groups possessed certain features in common—such as wretched families or a proneness to behave extravagantly by the standards of their society—long before they were so classified; while subsequently they display other characteristics such as anxiety, confusion, alterations in blood chemistry associated with protracted intense emotion, to a degree that serves to distinguish them from persons not so classified. All these are common enough among people who have been driven to the threshold of the insane asylum, and are probably significantly more common than among the general population—though this is a datum with which Laing has, rather curiously, refused to concern himself.

What Laing insists as the essence of his position is that the statements and behavior of those deemed mentally ill are by no means irrational, but sensible when viewed from the position of the person the patient has been. What the patient does and is makes sense from his point of view; even his nonsense serves a sensible strategic purpose of countermystifying the parents and hospital authorities who have devoted *his* life to mystifying *him*. All human beings are sensible; if what they do and say is not intelligible, it is because the observer has failed to comprehend the existential position from which they speak and act. That position, for a helpless infant and dependent child in the hands of adults who are, in their turn, confused, anxious, and unscrupulous, may be desperate indeed, and evoke behavior that is grotesque in its desperation. But, however grotesque it may be, it is never inappropriate or, once the relation of the patient to other persons in his world has been understood, incomprehensible. Indeed, once the pressure on the patient is lightened, much that is grotesque simply vanishes.

[A STRATEGY FOR SURVIVAL]

That two of Laing's more important statements, *The Politics of Experience* and *The Politics of the Family*, should both refer to politics in their titles, and consider the political aspects of contexts not usually seen as essentially political, is an emphatic indication of the direction his thought has been taking. His work has tended toward a major conclusion that accounts for much of the influence of his work; and it is a conclusion well suited to the spirit of our age, though perhaps equally true of all ages.

This principle is never formally stated in Laing's work; but since he applies it repeatedly in his discussion of the situations that interest him, we may infer and state it for ourselves. It is something like this: Human personality develops in each of us as we respond to the particular power situations in which we find ourselves; our personality comes to be largely defined by our customary ways of coping with the demands that impinge on us, and with the anxiety those demands, and our anticipation of possible failure or punishment, arouse. This is true not only because personality and especially the complex idiosyncratic pattern of defenses that Harry Stack Sullivan called "the self-



"THE CRIB," NEW YORK INSTITUTION, 1882

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system" tend to be quite stable. It is true also because, as Laing has come to see it, personality so rarely gets a chance to manifest itself in situations that do not involve a power struggle. There are few of these in life; and none in relationships that have become institutionalized; indeed, social institutions develop primarily in order to impose the constraints required by those relatively more powerful upon those relatively weaker. And there is no institution of which this is truer than the family.

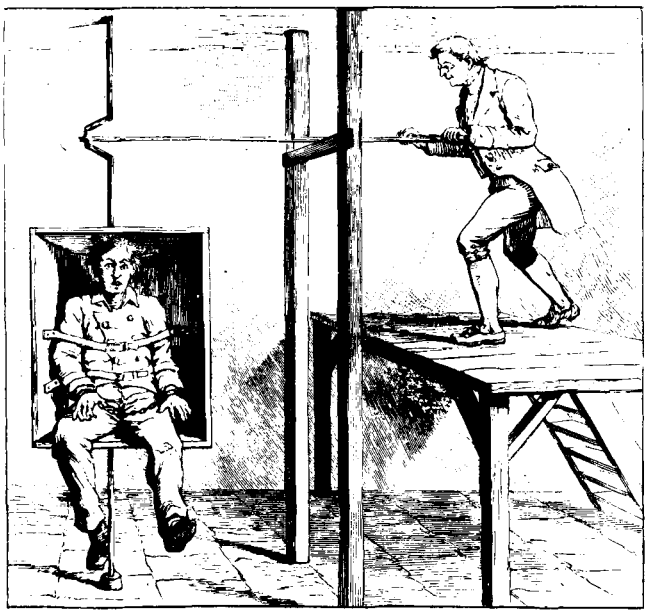
In *The Divided Self,* then, Laing perceived schizophrenia as intelligible and even as functional to the schizophrenic, but still as a distinctive clinical entity. He was already aware that only persons whose peculiar personalities threaten their families and their neighbors in certain serious ways—chiefly by undermining the repressions they depend on to keep themselves and the rest of their children in line—are likely to be classed as psychotic. But he still believed that to call these people schizophrenic conveyed some meaning about their mental state; they were people whose strategies for living did, indeed, appear bizarre until you came to understand how their weirdness served their purposes. And chief among those purposes for all schizophrenics was the need to confuse their assailants by producing a counter-mystification sufficiently obscure to throw their avid parents and guardians off the track that led to their soul, sufficiently subtle to avoid being interpreted and punished as rank insubordination.

True, psychiatry usually failed to help the schizophrenic; many psychiatrists assumed that he was beyond the possibility of help and beyond the range of human communication, except when shocked into rare intervals of lucidity by insulin or electricity. But in *The Divided Self* Laing saw this failure as innocent, or at worst as the unsought if predictable result of the way psychiatrists defined their own and their patients' roles. Having assumed that the patient spoke nonsense, they did not listen and thus failed to learn what they might otherwise have understood, while they likewise perpetuated the patient's sense of isolation and helplessness at the hands of uncomprehending forces.

[WHO ELSE *IS* THERE?]

For a young Scottish psychiatrist writing toward the close of the 1950s, this is going pretty far. Still, Laing was on the side of his own profession: a reformer, not an attacker. His real departure came as he grew to realize that psychiatry was not failing to be helpful but succeeding in being unhelpful: that the profession and its categorical imperatives about human behavior were explicitly, if not intentionally, a part of the patient's problem rather than its solution. This chilling insight froze Laing's attitude toward psychiatry not only as a form of medical service but, somewhat less rationally, as a research tool as well. As he became aware that psychiatry is one of the most powerful devices disposed by the forces of law and order, he seems to have lost interest in it as an instrument for investigating human character and personality.

By this time, I suspect, it would no more have occurred to Laing to look to the literature of psychiatry for information about the lives of troubled people that might be used to help them than it would have to consult the files of the CIA, if he could have gotten at them, for information useful in supporting popular revolutionary movements. And this is regrettable. In both instances, this is one place that one *should* look for pertinent information, compiled and organized at great expense of effort and money, even though it was gathered for purposes one strongly opposed. A psychiatrist who has concluded, in effect, that psychiatrists invented and maintain the category of mental illness to maximize their own status and power, must grant that they are likely to have learned a great deal about the dynamisms that make what they call mental illness possible. It is too difficult and dangerous to distort the truth if one does not know quite well what it is.



"THE CIRCULATING SWING," 1818, SUPPOSED TO BRING THE DEPRESSIVE BACK TO SOUND REASONING

But, Laing argues, it is too late for their information to be of value. Psychiatry is compromised by the games it has been playing with—and against—its patients. It can no longer serve to distinguish the mad from the sane, for the alienist has become a part of a pervasive alienation and even the madman seems as corrupt as the neighbors and physicians who judge him. De Sade is a failed impresario; poor old Marat a friendly neighborhood revolutionary manqué:

> *From the alienated starting point of our pseudo-sanity, everything is equivocal. Our "sanity" is not true sanity. Their madness is not "true" madness. The madness of our patients is an artifact of the destruction wreaked on them by us and on them by themselves. Let no one suppose that we meet "true" madness any more than that we are truly sane. The madness that we encounter in "patients" is a gross travesty, a mockery, a grotesque caricature of what the natural healing of the estranged integration we call sanity might be. True sanity entails, in one way or another, the dissolution of the normal ego, that false self competently adjusted to our alienated social reality; the emergence of the "inner" archetypical mediators of divine power, and through the death a re-birth, and the eventual re-establishment of a new kind of ego-functioning, the ego now being the servant of the divine, no longer its betrayer.*

This quotation is taken from "Transcendental Experi-

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ence," one of the later essays, that make up *The Politics of Experience*. The man who made this statement could hardly have claimed further interest in the conventional concerns of the psychiatric profession. But his viewpoint imposes some rather stringent limitations on the range and applicability of his thought. Not that it is mistaken, or even warped—the passage quoted is convincing, if somewhat feverishly rhetorical—but it dismisses *everybody* and after all who else is there?

There is a familiar old—and by current standards, doubtless racist—joke about an indignant Southern farmer who, searching the chicken coop one dark and stormy night, elicits from one of its occupants the admonition "Boss, go away, there ain't nobody here but us chickens!" Laing's present attitude toward schizophrenia places him rather in the position of that farmer, while the disembodied voice proceeds from a suspected schizophrenic concealed among the normal occupants of the noisome and confining coop. The difference from the joke is that Laing *believes* the voice—and, in a larger sense, it may speak the truth. Chicken coops are prisons; all their occupants are in moral danger; and, indeed, we are all more simply chicken than otherwise. Nevertheless, a practical problem remains. Whoever it was that spoke up like that is unlikely to get along with and be tolerated by his coopmates. He is in more immediate danger than they from the farmer as well. And he cannot be rescued by being praised for his openness and authenticity in comparison to his squawking and befeathered normal peers.

[AFTER THE FALL]

Less metaphorically, whatever degree of humanity one attributes to either mental patients or their sometimes sinister mentors and custodians, the problem of being what is called mentally ill remains an objective reality, and for most persons it is an extremely disagreeable one. They are, certainly, as Laing sees them, frightened and unskilled players who have lost their confidence in the confidence game their lives have become. But if this process is part of what is meant by the politics of experience, is it not likely that part of what they need is to become better and more effective possibly also more ruthless—politicians? This means learning to function without blowing your cool in situations in which real power is at stake; even learning, in the cliché phrase, to do unto others before they do unto you. Political skill would give them more room to manipulate in, and enable them to defend themselves better against invasion, but at the cost of enmeshing them still further in game-playing and increasing their alienation. Personal authenticity is not a political asset; and the road to effective political participation does not lead on to Nirvana. But would not most Westerners really get more satisfaction from a series of appointments in Samsara?

This Laing would apparently deny:

> *The others have become installed in our hearts, and we call them ourselves. Each person, not being himself to either himself or the other, just as the other is not himself to himself or to us, in being another for another neither recognizes himself in the other, nor the other in himself. Hence, being at least a double absence, haunted by the ghost of his own murdered self, no wonder modern man is addicted to other persons, and the more addicted, the less satisfied, the more lonely.*

A page further on, he quotes from the *Tao Teh Ching:*

> *When the great Tao is lost, spring forth benevolence and righteousness. When wisdom and sagacity arise, there are great hypocrites. When family relations are no longer harmonious, we have filial children and devoted parents. When a nation is in confusion and disorder, patriots are recognized."*

Laing's basic principle here is clear enough; what is still at issue is the divided self. He introduces this quotation from the *Tao Teh Ching* by observing that:

> *Once the fissure into self and ego, inner and outer, good and bad occur, all else is an infernal dance of false dualities. It has always been recognized that if you split Being down the middle, if you insist on grabbing* this *without* that, *if you cling to the good without the bad, denying the one for the other, what happens is that the dissociated evil impulse, now evil in a double sense, returns to permeate the good and turn it into itself.*

This is surely one of the great fundamental truths on which, since the Fall if not the Creation, man has been unable to act. Indeed, the impossibility of action on this statement is built into the statement itself; to try to *use* it to build a better world or, indeed, for any practical purpose, would be grabbing *this* without *that*, clinging to the good without the bad. The difficulty is at least as old as the *Tao Teh Ching* itself, which, being filled with wisdom and sagacity, can only have been written in a time of great hypocrites, well after the great Tao had been lost. The four paradoxes from the *Book of Tao* which Laing cites—characteristic of most of its content—suggest even more about the difficulties of constructing a politics of experience than he takes into consideration. The basic principle underlying all these aphorisms is that conscious virtue becomes identified as such and is deliberately put into operation only after natural wholeness has been lost; while natural wholeness knows no distinction between good and evil; it is not self-conscious enough for that; it just is, and the path away from Being is always a downward path. Had revised editions of the *Tao Teh Ching* continued to be published, the most recent edition might well have included such maxims as: "When foodstuffs are no longer wholesome and pure, science devises nutritious additives." Or, "When men become rootless and homeless, the Boeing 747 whisks them from place to place in luxury."

Whether the source be Genesis, the *Tao Teh Ching*, Norman O. Brown, or R. D. Laing the lesson is the same: self-consciousness, knowledge of good and evil, the need to live by the sweat of one's brow the design of technology to take the drudgery out of the work—thus also fragmenting it and reducing its meaning—these are consecutive aspects of the alienation of man from his true being. Psychiatry, too, is technology—human technology—and the worst sort of meddling of all. In principle, willful intervention in destiny *cannot* improve man's lot but must create more problems or worse problems than it appears to solve.

All this may be true; indeed, it seems that it can hardly be false. But it is a truth whose implications create certain logical difficulties for its adherents. For, if "once the fissure

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between self and ego, inner and outer, good and bad occurs, all else is an infernal dance of false dualities," then that irrevocable and potentially fatal step has already been taken in the act of recognizing that a problem exists. This puts Laing's current position as anti-psychiatrist in a rather curious light; it does not make it logically inconsistent (unless, of course, one regards psychiatrists as a natural nuisance like mosquitoes which ought to be tolerated until it can be controlled by organic means like withholding fees), but it swamps it in a metaphysical issue so vast that Laing's meaning is easily lost.

Politics is, by definition, always concerned with action, with intervention, with the formation and execution of policy. Political action cannot even begin to be considered till after the Fall. The four aphorisms from the *Tao Teh Ching,* taken consecutively, record not merely the increasing alienation but the increasing politicization of society; politics is concerned precisely with the implementation of power and the resolution of real conflicts of interest and thus, usually, with making the best of a bad job. Lao-tze is perfectly correct in implying that politics does not become necessary until things are already badly messed up. In practice, this has not proved a difficult prerequisite to meet.

For those of us who feel that we desperately need help in dealing with our relationship to the society and the reality of which we are a part, the issues remain, I fear, much what Freud found them to be in *Civilization and Its Discontents.* The conduct of daily life in complex organized societies depends on institutions that are sustained by myths and fueled by the energies derived from the renunciation practiced by individuals who have been led to believe in them, always at a loss to their immediate interests. What they get in return is membership, at levels providing varying degrees of satisfaction, in the social enterprise, and a variable share in what it defines as valuable. Whether their life is thereby made more worth living or less is probably impossible to answer, since only they could possibly know and they have been driven to give the answers the society demands—not as truths but as shibboleths—and to value the rewards it offers by the very processes that Laing describes. Living, in short, turns out to be in many respects a political process, in which those who still retain some access to their feelings experience moments of self-realization. Psychiatry can sometimes increase the depth and frequency of such moments; but the conditions under which it can do so are themselves politically influenced; and the experience is felt as something less than that of fully authentic personal transcendence. Dionysian exuberance may be increasingly tolerated in contemporary political life; but Promethean defiance still leads to serious trouble for the liver. So, at least, I should interpret the message of Herbert Marcuse.

[JOURNEY TO THE EAST]

In Ibsen's *Peer Gynt,* the Troll King stated that the maxim by which the complete Troll sought to perfect himself was "To thine own self be enough"; in contrast to the human injunction "To thine own self be true." It is this latter injunction which lies at the heart of Laing's teaching; but in his corrosive denigration of most relationships fostered by modern society—and, especially, of those psychiatry offers its patients—he seems to accept the first as well. Neither, in any case, will serve very well as a guide to the conduct of political affairs. The recognition of the politicization of modern life implied in the titles of Laing's works is intended, I would judge, to convey a distaste for politics; and Laing's own political activities appear to have been minimal for a man whose writings have made him a major idol of the counterculture during a period notable for political expression.

"I was never political *in an activist sense. I suppose when people think of me as political they're thinking mainly of the Dialectics of Liberation Congress." (This was a marathon symposium organized by Laing's colleagues, Leon Redler and Joseph Berke, which was held in London in July 1967. Laing participated along with Marcuse, Gregory Bateson, Lucien Goldmann, Paul Goodman, John Gerassi, Allen Ginsberg, Francis Huxley, Stokely Carmichael and others in two weeks of discussion and political analysis.) "I guess I identified myself with the Left by being there, but even at the time I made it clear that I really had no idea what could come of such an extraordinary conglomeration of people. Politically, I think I'm neutral really. I engage in no strictly* political *actions—except in the sense of following the* Tao."

To follow the Tao is to lead an essentially apolitical rather than a politically neutral life; though this, in a society dominated by liberal interventionists intent on per-

INSANE ASYLUM CELL, CIRCA 1880

Illustrations—The Bettman Archive

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fecting the world if they have to destroy it in the process, may certainly, as Laing implies, be a politically momentous stance, and perhaps the only one that makes sense. Laing is surely correct in viewing his ascribed status as a Left activist ironically, as he is in recognizing his kinship to T. S. Eliot. The confusion—which he does not share—of those who lump together as left-political quasi-revolutionary compeers persons who criticize society primarily because it alienates people from themselves and their capacities for growth, and critics who complain primarily of society's gross inequities, has caused a great deal of difficulty in the past few years. It seems to be straightening out, now, with those who are most disturbed by alienation and repression being increasingly stigmatized as reactionary by political activists and self-styled revolutionaries. The extraordinarily hostile reviews which Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* received from the Left as well as the Right; the current split in the free-school movement exemplified by Jonathan Kozol's attack in *Free Schools* on rich liberals who set up schools in beautiful farmlands where privileged white children learn leatherwork and grooving instead of working to overthrow oppressive urban school systems; and the current description of the counterculture as willfully self-indulgent are all examples that suggest that the polarization of dissent may finally be taking place on rational political grounds.

Those who try to follow the Tao, however, are surely more radical in their rejection of contemporary Western societies—and for reasons that would extend even to China and Japan, as highly bureaucratized, production-oriented states—than the most ardent revolutionaries bent on structural reorganization and the seizure of power in the name of greater justice and equality of opportunity, who nevertheless leave the basic values of the society intact. The cry "Power to the People" exalts power as much as any statement made by those accustomed to its exercise. In this sense, Laing is anything but politically irrelevant.

But for the time, at least, Laing's interests have apparently transcended both politics and psychiatry to include most of the great Eastern religions. A 1972 *Esquire* interview with Peter Mezan relates Laing's detailed discussion of several fundamental Buddhist and Hindu texts; a discussion that occurred when he was preparing for a journey to the East, since completed, in which he planned to examine some of the psychic phenomena associated with mystical states of awareness in the light of Western psychological thought and perhaps by techniques:

> *"Suppose," he muses, "we were to hook the olfactory tracts into the visual cortex. Might we then* see *what we now smell?" He thinks it's rather strange that we are so docile about accepting our limits, like our confinement to only five senses. . . . "Or suppose you could cut off all the input, all the activity, in all the sensory tracts and areas of the brain, leaving one area of cortex—say the optical cortex—open, and then re-route all the impulses from the other areas there. You could test one area of cortex at a time. I think that would be possible to do through meditation." It is one of the ideas he's planning to test in Ceylon—one of the reasons he's going. And, I must say, I have heard in my time more extravagant claims, met less interesting ambitions.*

Laing's enthusiasm for psychological research in this context contrasts strikingly with his dismissal of controlled experimentation in investigating the possible sources of mental illness. This contrast is highly suggestive. The notion is familiar enough, and surely valid, that the institutionalization of the sciences as the dominant source of intellectual authority has tended to stultify Western thought about subjective areas of experience, especially mystical experience. But what if the stultification has been even more pervasive? Laing's comments—and there is no reason to suppose that he is unique in this—suggest that the authority of institutionalized science may even be stultifying scientific enquiry itself: by making science impervious to some of the issues with which it ought to be concerned and with which, except for its own ideological bias, it could deal quite easily; and by alienating its more imaginative practitioners, who are turned off by the uses to which science is put in society. Western thought has increasingly tended to exclude as meaningless or trivial questions that seem unamenable to empirical study and, in doing so, may have imposed limits on the scope of scientific investigation which its adversaries would have been powerless to enforce. It would surely be one of the crowning ironies of history if Laing, through his Journey to the East, should become a science-carrier, infecting its ancient monasteries and temples with the virus of empiricism in a way no less sympathetic visitor could have done. Somewhere, in a weathered pagoda lost to time in the highlands of central Ceylon, the monks may, even now, be installing an electron microscope doubtless obtainable with Ford Foundation funds and capable of minute examinations of neural tissue, just in case meditation should not prove to be enough.

["IF I COULD TURN YOU ON . . ."]

One of Laing's most evocative ideas is that scarcity lies at the root of human alienation. While Laing takes the idea from Sartre, who in turn elaborated it from Marxian sources, the kind of alienation that he emphasizes is quite different from the alienation Marx saw as a central condition of capitalism. Laing is concerned with psychological alienation, which deprives people of the capacity to accept or even become aware of their own feelings and respond to their own needs. Marx referred to the alienation of the worker from the fruits of his labor and the economic context in which he worked—his inability to control either his tools or his job, in neither of which he had any vested rights comparable to those of proprietorship. Both kinds of alienation proceed simultaneously in industrial societies and reinforce each other. Objective deprivation and economic insecurity create intense anxiety and lower self-esteem, making their victims unwilling or unable to take psychic risks, or tolerate their own or other persons' impulses toward growth, dissent, or rebellion. Each individual's mounting sense of existential guilt and self-betrayal makes him increasingly hostile toward signs of growth, honest feeling, and self-realization in others.

This viciously circular relationship between economic and psychic insecurity is a central social fact; it is the source of the psychological and political oppression that,

(Continued on page 59)

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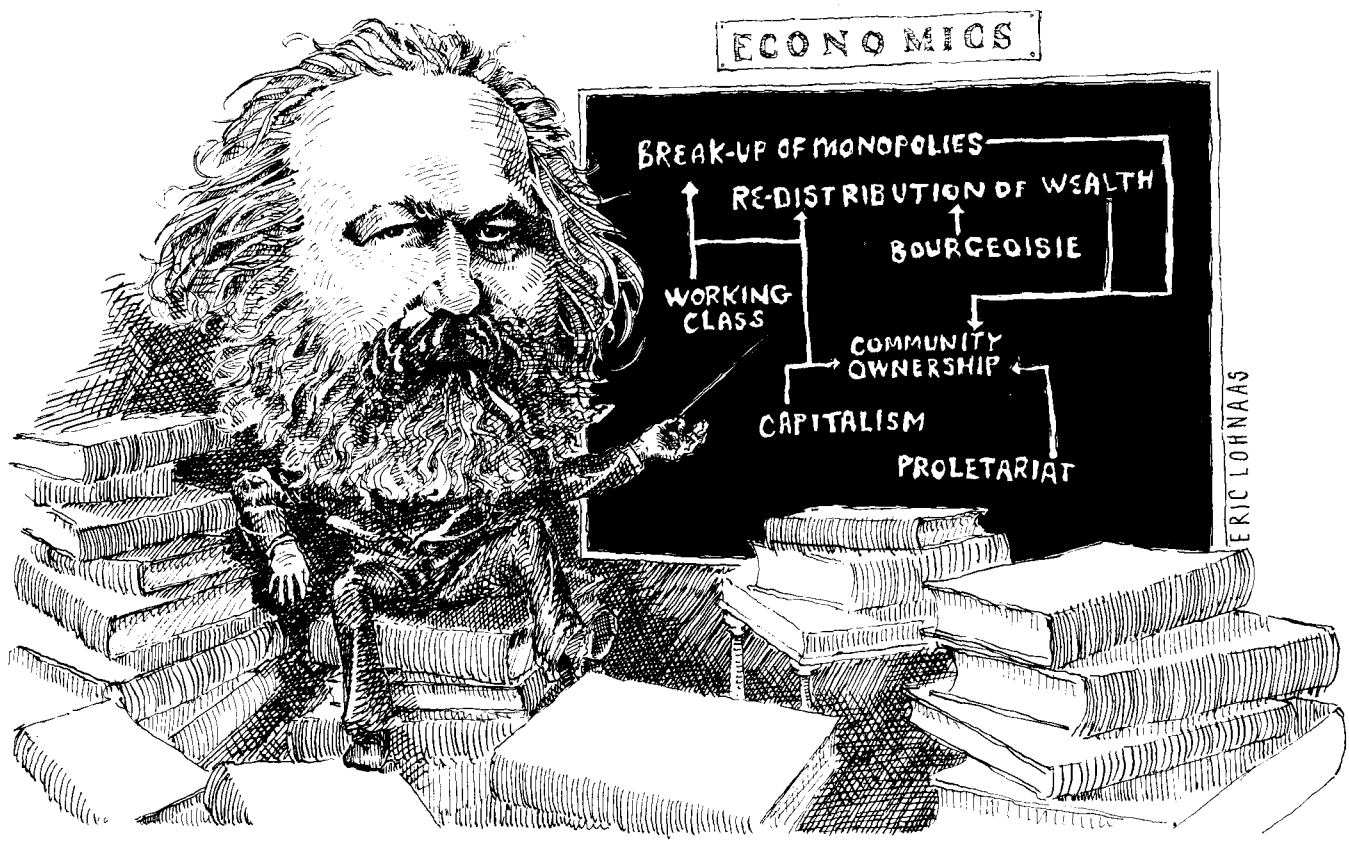

Could Karl Marx Teach Economics in America?

Since the Second World War, economists in the West, and in America in particular, have been a fairly self-satisfied group. With John Maynard Keynes in one hand, and the Federal Budget and Reserve System in the other, they steered the world's most advanced economy over its traditional hurdles of inflation, unemployment, and uneven economic growth. But in recent years their heady confidence has ebbed. The Vietnam war inflation, the downfall of the Bretton Woods international monetary system, a persisting balance of payments problem, and a continuing official unemployment rate of close to five percent, have all eroded public faith in economists.

Now the public crisis is beginning to come home. Suddenly the economics profession is itself being shaken by an internal war of ideas that threatens not just an old and comfortable unanimity, but the very underpinnings of American capitalist theory. The dispute, centered in economics departments at universities across the country, has pitted orthodox economists against a younger generation of radicals. At Harvard two winters ago, the Department of Economics wrestled over what one faculty member termed its "worst division in history," created by a decision not to rehire two radical economists. Meanwhile, at Yale, the Economics Department held its third full departmental meeting of the year to deal with the gnawing problem of Karl Marx. At two previous sessions, students and several younger faculty insisted, as they had done for four years, that Marxian economics be made a formal part of the Department's curriculum. Further inland at the Amherst campus of the University of Massachusetts, following nearly three years of infighting which included the resignation of two department chairmen, the University made a remarkable job offer and hired five radical economists, four with tenure.

In the midst of these disputes, the economics profession had gathered in Toronto during Christmas for the annual convention of the American Economic Association (AEA). There they heard what was perhaps the severest criticism of the profession ever to be made to one of their meetings. John Kenneth Galbraith, President of the AEA, urged his colleagues to "reassociate with reality," and attacked the current orthodoxy in economic theory because "it offers no useful handle for grasping the economic problems that now beset modern society."

Samuel Bowles, the associate professor whose failure to receive tenure generated the battle at Harvard, puts the matter even more sharply: "The issue [both at Harvard and

by Lawrence S. Lifshultz

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in economics] is not merely a scholarly dispute. There are political forces in the larger society which are clearly involved. We identified ourselves explicitly with forces attempting to overthrow capitalism. Therefore, we could not agree with those who hold the heights of established orthodoxy on what 'useful knowledge' was. What was 'useful knowledge' to us wasn't useful to them. It was inimical to their interests and vice versa."

For the radical economists, the roots of their protest are in the social movements of the 1960s. In their view, United States activity abroad was and remains essentially expansionist and aggressive. Both covert and open military interventions in Indochina, Korea, the Dominican Republic, the Philippines, and Greece serve as evidence to their position. And for them the academic theories which maintained the essentially egalitarian and just nature of American institutions were exploded in the racial fires that burned brightly through Watts, Detroit, and Newark. To them, any notion of genuine equality before law or in income is fundamentally impossible under a capitalist system which, in their view, inherently breeds inequality nationally and worldwide.

Through the late Sixties and into the early Seventies, the conflict between younger leftist economists and their elders remained largely one of argument and debate. But in the last two years these disagreements of theory have become bitterly antagonistic quarrels over the most concrete of "bread and butter" issues to academic economists—their own jobs. Yet beyond jobs lies a larger, and to consensus-minded economists, darker storm. The battle of generations now being fought is not likely to fade away. On the outcome hinge the intellectual foundations of American capitalism. To lose this battle for either side bodes ill in the wider war.

[HARVARD: EMBATTLED GIANTS]

Sam Bowles, the son of Chester Bowles—like Galbraith an ex-ambassador to India—taught at Harvard from 1966 to 1973. His written work is about the economics of education, and how education in the United States has historically reproduced class relationships in society. His promotion from associate to full professor with tenure was supported by three of the best known members of the department: Wassily Leontief of input-output fame and Kenneth J. Arrow (both Nobel Prizewinners), and Galbraith. All three are past presidents of the American Economic Association. Yet despite such impressive backing, Bowles' promotion was turned down by a vote of the whole senior faculty.

According to Galbraith, "It is established practice in all economics departments to conceal deeply political differences and to say they are not a factor. I believe Sam's political views were a factor. Anybody who has his general competence, teaching ability, research output, and who had been a good micro-economic model builder would have almost certainly been promoted. The Bowles decision will deeply narrow Harvard's interest in the span of economics. The people whose fame exists in neo-classical model building are embattled and their reaction tends to exclude whoever seems to threaten them. . . . The worse thing than not promoting dissenters like Sam Bowles is not having them."

Other members of the Department staunchly maintain that politics were not a consideration. Otto Eckstein, a former economics adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, says, "The Harvard Economics Department has not made appointments on political criteria." Department Chairman James Duesenberry likewise insists the decision was made solely on professional considerations. He argues that one in ten junior faculty at Harvard achieve tenured status and that it is a "surprise when associate professors get tenure rather than when they do not." Concerning Galbraith's strong public comments about the decline of diversity at Harvard Duesenberry says, "Galbraith is not so disturbed. He's just having a good time."

Whether these are good times or not, it is clear that emotions run deep among other Harvard faculty members. Stephen Marglin, another professor, termed the Bowles decision "inherently political." "It's my judgment," he says, "that no radical could be recommended for a tenured appointment in my Department. If Karl Marx were available, if Thorstein Veblen were available, the Department would not recommend them for tenure."

Marglin insists moreover that most members of Harvard's Economics Department are not "capable of appreciating or judging the quality of work on an alternative model with which they are at best superficially familiar and almost totally unsympathetic." Marglin himself is the only tenured radical in the Department, and received his appointment in 1967 for work he described as "squarely in the orthodox tradition"—done, he says, before his changing political views were well known and before he had altered the orientation of his research. In 1969 there were five radical economists who held posts in the Harvard Department; by 1974 Marglin was the only one left.

The Economics Department followed up the Bowles judgment with a decision not to reappoint Arthur MacEwan, one of the original five. The close timing was perhaps not very judicious, since it prompted an outcry from a significant number of graduate students and from the *Harvard Crimson*. The Department's graduate students' organization called for a meeting with the faculty in order to have the decisions explained.

According to Robert Dorfman, a senior faculty member, "The students were disturbed. They feel the traditional kind of economics we are oriented toward is evasive concerning the deep seated evils of the capitalist system. Their view is that these personnel actions were not dispassionate actions based on scholarly merit, as they were purported to be . . . but are ways of evicting certain attitudes from the Department." Dorfman, who supported Bowles' promotion, further explained, "The students are interested in improving the world. And they want to do it through the only means at their disposal—the university. However, we on the faculty wish to emphasize the fragileness of the university."

To damp down the discontent that was developing, the Department enacted a surprise reversal in the case of a third radical economist, Herbert Gintis. In 1969-70 Gintis had been in the Economics Department as a lecturer—the lowest level of faculty standing. At that time the Department voted not to appoint him to an assistant professorship, one rung up the ladder; but in the meantime Gintis received a

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position at Harvard's School of Education. Now suddenly, three years later, the Economics Department decided to offer him the post of associate professor.

The decision was announced shortly after the Toronto meetings of the AEA, where a resolution condemning political discrimination in hiring practices had been introduced. Disclaiming any influence from public pressure or political considerations, Department Chairman Duesenberry insisted, "We are not bothered by pressure; we look right through it." It was privately made clear to Gintis, however, that he was being offered only a three year contract at the associate level, and that the possibility of tenure was nil.

The disagreement over the specific appointments came to encompass a number of much larger issues. Galbraith at one stage attributed the Department's "conservative hiring practices" to faculty members' links with business corporations. No one was mentioned specifically, but attention was soon focused on Otto Eckstein, professor of Economics and President of Data Resources, Inc., a consulting firm which specializes in economic forecasting. Following publicity and Galbraith's complaints, Eckstein decided with regret to go on half-time status.

Eckstein appears to have been on the receiving end of much unwarranted innuendo. While he opposed the Bowles appointment specifically, his position on the place that should be given to radical and Marxian economics differs substantially from colleagues such as Duesenberry, who regard the writings of leading Marxists as "corny," or of Raymond Powell at Yale who considers Marxian economics to be "intellectually vacuous" and "contentless" by the "canons of [the] British empiricist scientific tradition."

Eckstein in fact regards the Marxist position as a very "valid part of economics as a social science." "The contribution of Marxian economics," he says, "is to integrate economic theory with political theory into a coherent whole. No one has successfully tackled the problem since Marx; and whatever work there is stems from Marx. Neoclassical [conventional] economics simply does not integrate political and economic structure into a coherent whole" Furthermore, he insists that leading Marxists such as Paul Sweezy have "pushed economics forward."

As for the winter's events at Harvard, Eckstein believes, "We made a mistake in the way we handled the Bowles appointment. It was such a bloody fight. Emotions ran so deep among my mostly older colleagues. I thought we should have communicated to the students that the vote on Bowles did not mean Harvard rejected radical economics as a legitimate field of study or that we felt we did not have some obligation to offer instruction. There were students who had come here when Harvard was a concentration of radical economics. And we had an obligation to meet these expectations for what they thought they were going to obtain at Harvard. Since there is a major student interest in radical economics, we owe them instruction in it."

However the issue which Galbraith raised concerning the link between ideology and corporate consulting did not die out. It continued as an important element of the Bowles case, and in a parting statement for the *Harvard Crimson,* Bowles himself pressed the point. The piece was entitled, "Hardly A Surprise," referring to his failure to achieve tenure.

"Not satisfied with being once removed from power," wrote Bowles, "many economists—a good portion of the senior faculty of the Harvard Economics Department among them—have gone into the lucrative and gratifying business of directly advising corporations, government bureaus and presidents. 'Relevance' in economics has come to be synonymous with service to governmental policy makers. Not surprisingly, conventional economists have proven of more service in hiding the costs of the Vietnam War than in ending it; they have done better at explaining away poverty than in eradicating it. In their advisory roles, conventional economists have reflected the bias of their theories as well as the political requirements of remaining 'in favor' by at best accepting and more often justifying the institution of capitalism as the framework within which decisions are made."

When asked to comment on the characterization Bowles had made of conventional economists vis-à-vis the Vietnam war, Department Chairman Duesenberry showed a bitterness of temper which could only have come from months of stress in dealing with contending political factions. He said he had been asked before why he had not resigned from the Council of Economic Advisors under Lyndon Johnson, and because of the war's character, denied his knowledge to the state.

"I figured they weren't going to stop it," he said, "so I thought I might as well stay in the meantime and work for the most stable financial policies. What good would it have done if I had resigned? There would have been an article on page three of the *New York Times* one day and forgotten the next. I am the kind of man who puts one foot before the other. I have no use for these paper humanists. At least I got the tax program and some housing legislation through. As an economist I was not concerned with the big picture. . . . Some of us are bothered by a group of people who claim they have discovered a big set of answers. . . . The Chicago types [Milton Friedman *et al.* at the University of Chicago] think they know all the answers, and they are as much a pain in the ass as the radicals."

Harvard has only once before seen such a difficult time over the issue of appointments in the Economics Department. That was in 1937 when Drs. J. Raymond Walsh and Alan R. Sweezy (Paul Sweezy's older brother) were denied promotion from their posts as instructors. In the words of a *Crimson* editorial of that year, "the discharges may have been based on the outstanding liberal activities of the two men." The University issued a denial claiming the decision was made "solely on the grounds of teaching capacity and scholarly ability. Students of that generation, who had not been steeled in the rigors of People's Park in Berkeley or Mayday in Washington circulated an orderly petition objecting to any slur on the "teaching capacity and scholarly ability" of the two men, but to no avail. Both were given concluding appointments and left Harvard in 1939.

There is one other skeleton in Harvard's ivy closet. It is not discussed very much and does not involve a question of political discrimination. It concerns the failure to appoint Paul Samuelson to a position on the faculty. Samuelson had been a graduate student at Harvard. His introductory book in economics stands today as the basic text in any freshman economics course. He is also a recipient of the Nobel Prize.

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"Harvard was reputed to be anti-semitic at that time," says Otto Eckstein. "There is not much doubt that there was a period when there was some anti-semitism at Harvard. That had something to do with the Samuelson debacle from which this Department has never recovered. The failure to appoint Samuelson created the major rival to us—MIT."

By last spring the worst was over at Harvard. The decisions on appointments had been taken; the protests made; and a compromise of sorts struck—even if the contract offer to Gintis appeared a bit inconsistent. Galbraith still grumbled away and was reported to be considering forming a breakaway department called the Department of Social Economics, which would stress the relations between politics and economics. In Cambridge, life eased into summer and faculty members expressed hopes that the disagreeable period would pass and be forgotten.

"The Harvard Economics Department has always operated on a principle of professional courtesy," says Eckstein. 'It has lately gone through some decline." In the end, Gintis decided not to take the associate post and instead decided voluntarily to join the exodus from Cambridge. But in Massachusetts the road of exodus for radical economists has not led to oblivion but to a new homeland in Amherst.

[UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS: RADICAL PACKAGE]

The University of Massachusetts at Amherst rests quietly in the beautiful farm country of central Massachusetts. Unlike other large state universities such as Michigan, Wisconsin, and California, U. Mass. has not held a high standing in the rankings of quality economics departments.

Six years ago the University Administration and the Economics Department set about to change all that. In the process there evolved a most unusual series of events, exceptional within the traditions of American academia for the unparalleled conflict which developed and the clarity of academic principles which finally emerged. The web of events involved an attempt to fire a popular teacher, a forceful student protest, the resignation of two consecutive Department chairmen, and the assumption of Departmental authority by the dean of the University, and the unprecedented appointment of five radical economists.

The story began seven years ago, though the conflict emerged openly only in 1970. In 1967, following the recommendations of a visiting committee of distinguished economists, the Administration set out on a strong recruiting program. The visiting committee had concluded that U. Mass.'s economics program was so weak that it had no business offering graduate courses; to rectify that situation, the University's leadership rested their hopes on Department Chairman James Kindahl, a fresh recruit from outside the staff.

But within three years, Kindahl's approach to improvement forced not only his resignation, but set off a series of disputes that still rack the Department. Opponents, many of whom came after the visiting committee's bitter assessment of academic quality, felt that Kindahl's notions of quality were threatening a headlong rush to obscurity and irrelevance. Kindahl's position was that he was merely seeking what he called "first rate men"; but critics pointed out that an inordinate number of Kindahl's "first rate men" were mathematical economists, whose chief concern was the construction of abstract economic models, to the avoidance of such traditional fields as macroeconomics, public policy, monetary theory, and economic history.

Little more than two years after Kindahl's appointment as Department head, a new visiting committee arrived, brought in by the Department itself to examine the growing dispute. Composed of some of the most prominent names in the profession—Robert Heilbroner, Robert Solow, William Capron, James Tobin—the committee concluded after several visits to the campus that while under Kindahl "substantial progress" had been made, "no large university can hope to succeed by concentrating its efforts very narrowly. . . . This requires the building of a department whose profile is diversified rather than narrowly focused." Within a month, four colleagues of Kindahl were calling for his termination as Department head. Presumably reading the clear handwriting on the wall, Kindahl tendered his resignation a week after their call. Simon Rottenberg, an outsider, was recruited for Kindahl's place, and arrived in Amherst to take up his new position that fall.

Yet Rottenberg himself lasted less than a year. He had arrived to find the Economics Department bitterly divided over the issue of the reappointment of a young and enormously popular teacher named Mike Best. Best had become the rallying point for those dissidents in the Department who wanted to broaden it beyond Kindhal's mathematical-models kind of economics. But so furious did the dispute become that the University Administration had to step in over the heads of the warring factions and impose a solution. Rottenberg felt his autonomy had been interfered with and resigned. Yet it was the Administration's virtual stewardship of the embattled Economics Department which opened the door to the unprecedented chapter of American academic history which followed.

The University Administration had found itself increasingly drawn into the center of the conflict, besieged by petitions, newspaper editorials, and student meetings that demanded explanations. Furthermore, since the visiting committee's report in 1971, both the University provost and the dean of the faculty, Dean Alfange, began to think there was substance in the position of the dissidents. The Administration was also concerned about the very low number of undergraduate majors in a Department with so large a faculty. In 1970 there were fewer than 150 undergraduate majors in the Economics Department. The Administration began to believe that the narrow terms in which economics was being defined within the Department may have been responsible for discouraging students in studying the subject.

The Administration, moreover, was faced with an Economics Department so riddled with dissension that it could neither appoint nor dismiss its own members. The reconstruction which the University had begun in 1967 was falling victim to a battle of personalities and philosophies. After Professor Rottenberg resigned as Department head, the words of the 1970 Visiting Committee Report seemed more true in 1972: "It is unlikely," the report decided, "that any present member of the Department can gain the

(Continued on page 52)

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Will There Always Be an England?

Waiting for the end, boys, waiting for the end.
What is there to be or do?
What's become of me or you?
Are we kind or are we true?
Sitting two and two, boys, waiting for the end . . .

What was said by Marx, boys, what did he perpend?
No good being sparks, boys, waiting for the end.
Treason of the clerks, boys, curtains that descend,
Lights becoming darks, boys, waiting for the end.
—William Empson, *Just a Smack at Auden*

In ancient Greece, professional lawyers had a technique to help them remember their speeches. They would imagine themselves in a large house. Each room held an image, and as the speechmaker, in his mind's eye, roamed from room to room the images, along with the associated thoughts, would return to him.

In Britain now, all the old images are spilling out into the great Hall, like spirits on the banks of the Styx. Here is the image of 1926, the year of the general strike. What does the image carry with it? A crushing setback to the working class, the beginnings of a retreat that only ended in 1945. What's this ghost over here? The National Government in 1931, when labor politicians joined forces with the Conservatives to usher in the Depression. And here? The menace of extremism—an uncouth fellow calling himself a Communist or a militant. And this smiling girl over here? Why the spirit of national unity, an end to class conflicts, old Boadicea, herself. Some images, once proud, now look woebegone: the great victory of the Second World War, when Britain stood alone. Others look frightening. Who's this, carrying the groceries with banknotes piled on a barrow? Herr Inflation, I presume.

At the beginning of February, all the old specters were only beginning to assemble. The miners held out for a strike. Heath was finally pushed into an election, the first actually to be held with the economy slowing to a halt—the power stations running out of coal. It was an election held in conditions of major industrial unrest, of soaring inflation. Worse still, it was not an election that would settle anything, merely the beginning of a road that looks as though it might end soon with another election—perhaps even another National Government.

Robert Capa/Magnum

by Alexander Cockburn

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Politicians were speaking fiercely, but nervously. They could threaten much, but promise little. As the days of the campaign passed by, they cast the runes with increasing uncertainty. Could the electorate still be panicked by the specter of Bolshevism? Did people, groaning under high prices, still believe a word they said? Was it, in fact, the "decisive" election they claimed it to be, or just a pause for breath, while everybody wondered what to do next?

[LONDON: THE LIGHTS GOING OUT]

It is twilight on a day in early February as I walk down St. James Street to keep my appointment. A few hundred yards away looms the House of Commons. Inside, they are debating the crisis. Everyone is waiting for the news. Will there be an election? Will there be a settlement? Further east, already in darkness, is the city, the financial district. It has been another disastrous day. The paper value of shares on the London stock exchange is now exactly half of what it was a year ago.

That day, at lunch, I hear two stories of ruin. Perdita runs a boutique, selling costly dresses to the middle classes. Her shop can only be lit three days a week under government regulations. Shoplifters rush in during the ill-lit hours to plunder her stock. Two major buyers have cancelled orders worth $10,000. Her main asset, the lease on her property, depreciated last year by 25 percent. She wants to get out. But she can't. No one wants to buy.

We listen mournfully to her sad story. Then Henry speaks up. He is a middle aged businessman with some properties. He claims to have lost a million dollars in the last two months. He bought stocks with money borrowed from a bank. The stocks started to slide and went on sliding. Henry hung on. The stocks would, he surmised, go up. They did not. They went down. The bank said Sell. And this is what poor Henry—who incidentally has a few properties left—has had to do.

They stare at me glumly.

"Do you think Heath should settle with the miners?"

"Never," shouts Henry. "He should force those red bastards back down the mines. He should bring the troops out. That's what Churchill did."

"But the troops can't rip the coal out with their bayonets."

"Well then, he should starve them out. Look at their wives and children. Do you know that they get welfare benefits from the state when their men are on strike? It's a bloody scandal. I work as hard as a miner myself. Cut off their benefits. You'd find those miners scuttling down the pits quick enough."

I look at Henry, his face mottled with hatred. He is breathing quickly, his hands clenched. He is thinking of his lost million dollars. He is thinking of the properties he cannot sell. He is thinking, Why has this happened to me?

It seems so unfair to Henry. He came out of the Second World War without much education. In the property boom of the Fifties and Sixties he has done well. He has voted Conservative, settled his taxes, put his daughter in a good school, and bought a fancy house in the Southeast. Henry is not used to believing that things could really get bad. He had heard people say that the Empire had ended. But he got rich. Then he heard the Labor Government would take his money away. Then he got richer still. He heard people complain, on the television, about rapacious property speculators. No one took his houses away. Then, round about Christmas time, Crisis came like a thief in broad daylight. He feels he's been screwed. He's ready to become one of the vigilantes of late capitalism. He's ready to kill.

"What about you, Perdita?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I like the Liberals."

Perdita comes from a higher social class than Henry; her father lives on his estate in Scotland. Perdita's sister engages in good works with ex-prisoners. Perdita leads a comfortable upper class social existence, with winter holidays in Switzerland, summer holidays in the Mediterranean area. The late Sixties saw the boom of Swinging London, and her shop has done well selling smartened up versions of the Swing.

"I think it's all too ghastly and pointless. I think the miners are behaving stupidly, but then I think Heath behaved stupidly, too. So I think the Liberals should be given a chance."

Henry breaks in. "You can't expect anything from that mob. They'll just hold the balance and lick whichever arse is nearer their noses. We need a strong government."

Perdita is beginning to sound like a middle class housewife in Santiago. My mind wanders. I remember the night the BBC announced, during the Suez invasion of 1956, that British bombers had struck Ismailia. I was at a minor public [i.e. private] school in Scotland at the time. The boys were mostly sons of Scottish businessmen, but some had fathers still stationed in Kenya or the Far East. As the news came through they danced on the tables, shouting and singing. They knew I lived in Ireland and had a father who had been a Communist.

"Well, you Irish pig. How do you like it now?"

Ten years before, just after the war, I used to go to my London school wearing a Russian hat.

"Hello, little Stalin," said other people on the bus, smiling. Then, in 1947, my father said it might be best if I wore a different kind of hat. Henry did not like the Russians in 1946, or in 1956, and he thinks the miners are in the pay of the Russians in 1974.

"We've got to have a showdown," he says.

Since I am feeling rich, having recently got an exchange rate of $2.18 to the pound, I pay for the lunch, which at $33 is just under half what a miner earns in a week.

[RUIN, RUIN, RUIN]

In one of the quiet streets off St. James, I keep an appointment with an acquaintance. He is a conspicuous public figure. I am shown into the sitting room. At first no one is visible. Then I see a pair of arms coming from behind a large armchair. The hands are holding up a package. Very, very slowly the hands start to open it. After the tearing sound of the paper, the hands stop moving for several seconds. Then the slow opening of the package continues. At last it is opened. There are two pieces of cardboard, from which a couple of photographs fall to the floor.

After a snort of relief, my friend emerges from behind

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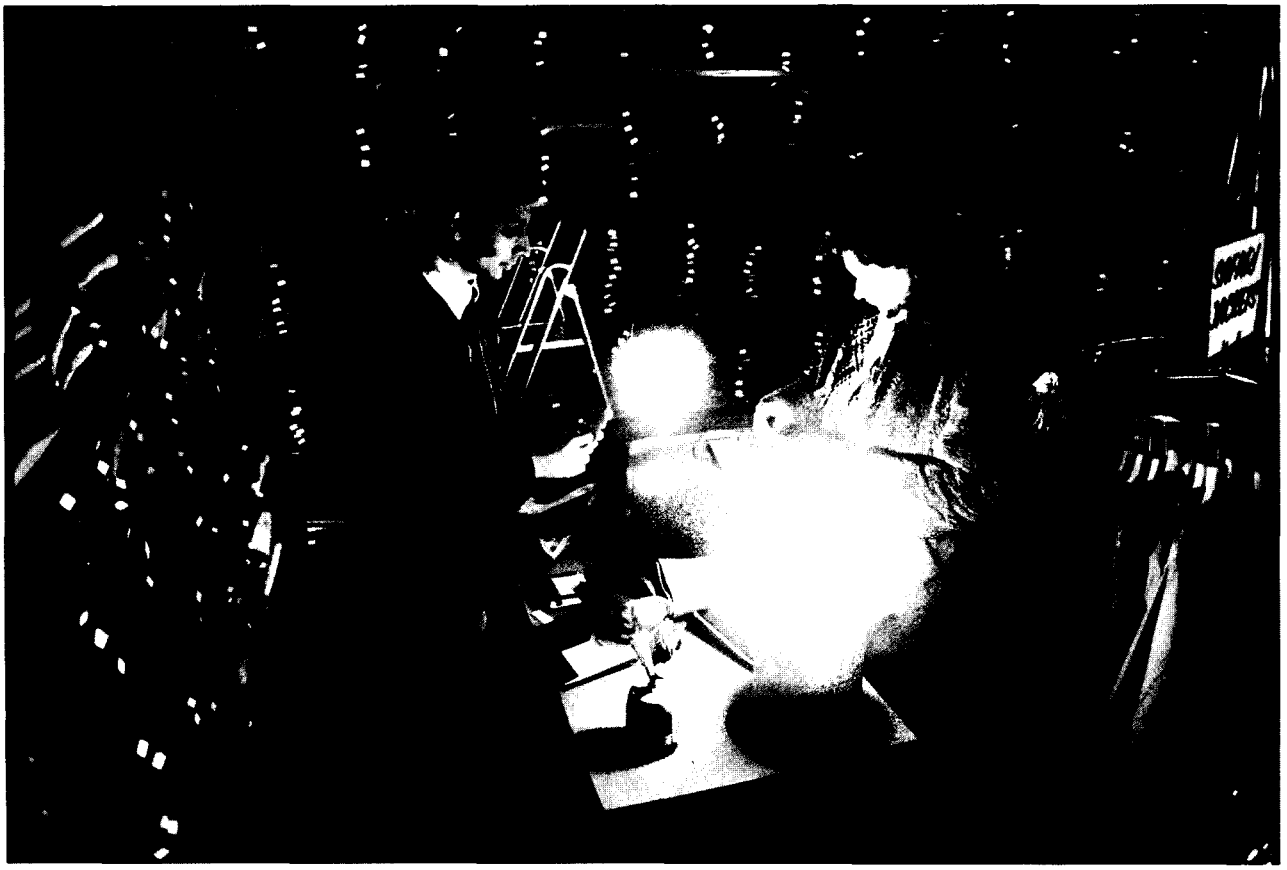

the chair. "Of course the mail is X-rayed, but it's best to be sure. Used to do the same thing in the war." Bombs and threats are on people's minds. Five days earlier a coach carrying soldiers, wives and children had been ripped apart by a bomb on a Northern motorway. Twelve had been killed. Five days before that two men had walked into a workman's hut in Northern Ireland and machine gunned every Catholic in the place. Three had died. A few months earlier an Arab gunman had walked into the house of a prominent London Zionist and shot him in the face. The bullet hit his teeth and he survived.

It seems, on the face of it, reasonable for my friend to open odd looking packages from behind an armchair.

I think of my brother. He lives in Belfast, and in the course of his researches into Irish Nationalism he regularly visits a library in the heart of a Protestant working-class area. To ease the long walk to and fro, since he has a bad leg, he was in the habit of carrying a walking stick. He was finally warned not to. In the dusk a walking stick can look like a rifle. If a soldier sees you carrying a rifle, even if a local resident sees you carrying a rifle, they are inclined to discover, much too late, that the rifle was a walking stick and that a terrible mistake has been made.

My brother tends to be composed about the risks of life in Belfast. A close friend of his had recently been machine gunned. The murderers rushed into his room and opened up. He was sufficiently attuned to such situations to be making for the telephone as the bullets started hitting his back, and had enough strength to dial the emergency service. The assassins had been careless enough not to finish him off with a bullet in the back of the head. So he survived.

"Lucky fellow," concluded my brother. He added that the recent machine gunning in the workman's hut was generally assumed to have been sponsored by the British army.

"You see, they didn't like the way the [IRA] Provisionals and the UVF [Ulster Volunteer Force—a Protestant organization in Northern Ireland] had agreed to lay off each other and concentrate on the British army. So the British fellows got their gunmen to shoot up a few Catholics, to heighten tension. This particular gang is supposed to have done in about a hundred and fifty fellows. Mostly Provisionals. Very effective lot—run by the Strategic Army Services."

My London acquaintance, past the momentary tension of letter-opening, discourses briefly on the crises: he is very brief indeed. "The country is nearly ruined. Very soon it actually *will* be ruined. Then everyone, finally, will realize that they *are* ruined. And that will be that."

It has been a long day, and it was not the first time I had heard the notion of ruin bandied about. Quite apart from Perdita and Henry there had been other intimations of catastrophe.

A television journalist I knew had the bright idea of taking an Oxford economist down to the poor East End of London. He set him up with an average couple earning about $120 a week, and had him explain to them the facts of life in the modern world.

I knew the economist somewhat: a bluff fellow keen on kissing everybody, bustling about the world and bringing chaos and starvation in his wake. The scene in the East End had been dire. He had burrowed into their cupboard of meager provisions. Every product was scheduled, given the

Jean Gaumy/Gamma

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situation of world commodities, for a brisk rise.

Economist: "How many tins of baked beans do you eat a week?"

Housewife: "Oh, I use a lot. About 4 tins a week."

Economist: "Beans are definitely going up. The dollar is appreciating against the pound, it's gone from $2.80 to $2.20 and that's going to make a difference of about three pennies a tin, and then there's a difference in the cost of beans in the U.S. They're grown especially for the British market. In fact, we eat as many baked beans as the rest of the world put together. There's absolutely no doubt that the price is going to go up rather sharply."

On and on the economist went. Bread, jam, biscuits, coal, petrol, meat, everything was rising. Finally the housewife burst in:

"So the good life we've all been believing in is going to get worse and worse?"

"Well, I think it's going to be very difficult for anyone actually to add to their standard of living in 1974."

The housewife then put the matter in a nutshell:

"All these raw materials, such as rice, tea, they all come from underdeveloped countries. I mean, we're all moaning about our standard of living and we've got more than they've got out there, so that now that these people are asking for a fair wage, that's affecting our cost of living, because it's putting up all the raw materials what's come from the poor countries in any case."

Economist: "Well, yes."

Housewife: "So why don't governments get together? I mean if it's so clear to a working class housewife like me, why don't governments get together and sort this out?"

Economist: "Well, none of the governments. . . ." He trailed off.

Ruin, ruin, ruin. I leave my friend sitting confidently on the armchair instead of hiding behind it.

I take a taxi for my dinner party. Soon I am one of 12 sitting around a long handsome table in a large handsome house. There is a former judge there. Gleefully he talks about the picketing laws. Since the miners have to prevent coal reaching the power stations to generate electricity, these laws, along with solidarity actions by other unions, are very important.

"Fact is," he chuckles, "mass picketing in this country is against the law. The law does allow pickets to peacefully suggest to people that they should not cross the lines. But mass pickets obviously intimidate, by the actual nature of their presence. So they're illegal and we can throw the organizers in jail."

"Obviously what we hope is that some chap should hit a policeman on the head. Or maim him, or something like that."

A woman breaks in from the other end of the table, asking our advice. She had been discussing which regiment, in the case of a military takeover, would be most satisfactory to have in charge of the London area.

"We thought the Scotch Guard."

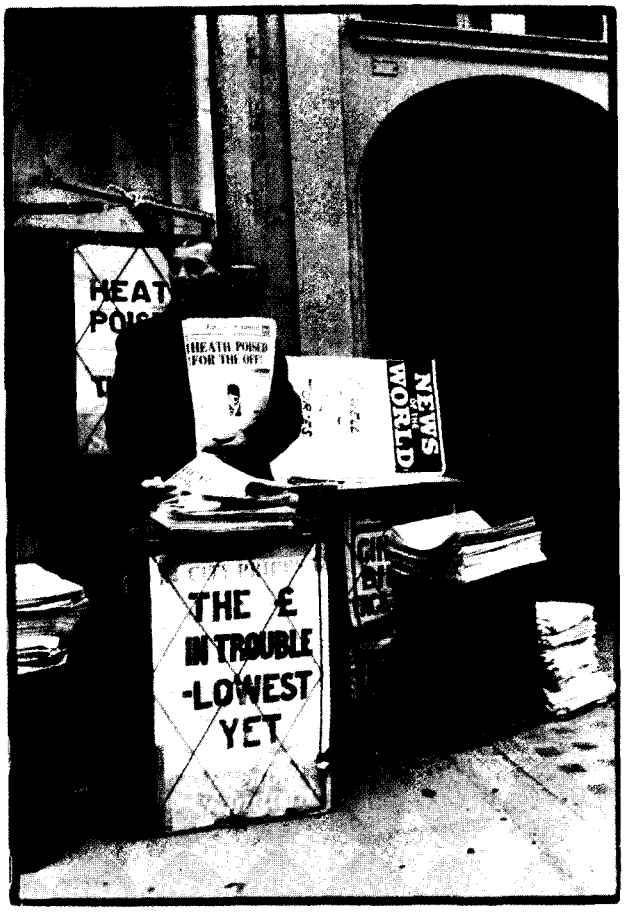
This seems a good choice. The dinner party mulls it over. An Army takeover has crossed the minds of many people.

No one actually thinks that the British colonels are awaiting the call. But the British Army has conducted counter-insurgency in Northern Ireland for the last few years. People have been habituated to the fact that half the point of having an army is to put down unruly elements on the homefront.

The authorities have beefed up the police, too, forming what is known as the Third Force. This Third Force is selected from the various police forces around the country, given small arms training, and taught crowd control techniques. They are on permanent patrol in most of Britain's major cities. The Third Force would be important in any confrontation with pickets.

The dinner ends with an amiable discussion of the People's Republic of China. All are agreed on the successes of the Revolution there. Most have been to China. Others are waiting for visa clearances.

"Those chaps could teach our unions a thing or two about hard work," concludes the ex-judge, forking some cheese into his mouth.



Jean Gaumy/Gamma

[A LEFT DECADE]

In the clear afternoon light the little mining village just outside Edinburgh looks like some parody dreamed up by a socialist realist, or a British set designer from the 1950s. The windows of half the terrace houses are broken and boarded up. An odd stray dog slinks down cobbled alleys. Washing flaps from clotheslines. The little shops seem displaced from the 1930s. A few tins sit on long empty shelves; cigarettes are sold singly. Behind the village rears up a slag heap. The coal pits in this particular village

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have been closed for five years. Those miners who stayed on work another mine nearby.

"This seems to be what you want," says Janet. "A really poor mining village with some really poor miners in it."

I had stayed the night before with Janet and Michael in their Edinburgh apartment. The books along their walls marked the burgeoning of New Left intellectual culture during the Sixties: works of Marxist philosophy, economics and esthetics filled shelves; copious files of *New Left Review* occupied others. The table was covered with political sheets and weeklies, largely put out by Trotskyist groups.

Janet and Michael were film freaks and we had already had a couple of arguments about the need for a political cinema. With them, deep devotion to American movies by Ford, Fuller, Dwan, and Walsh went hand in hand with a very pure conception of what makes true political cinema. Our conversations led to criticism of *State of Siege.*

"Why have Yves Montand playing the CIA man?"

"Perhaps it was to say that a CIA man need not have conspicuously repulsive aspects, but still be a repulsive person doing a repulsive job."

"He should have been played as a type. And anyway, why stick with bourgeois narratives that merely *involve* people in the film. You should leave them in a position to think, to *criticize.*"

It has been a Left decade in British culture. The political momentum which pushed towards 1968 in France, and which waned subsequently in the U.S.A., has continued in England. Janet and Michael are not, at this time, in a Left group. But many of their generation (middle to late twenties) are–pushed leftward by the conspicuous disaster of the Labor Government from 1964-69.

"I'll tell you what the ultra-left groups are looking for out of the present crisis," a friend of mine, active in one of them, remarked to me.

"General strike?"

"Well that, possibly. But mainly they want members. Big crises, special fund drives, more copies of their papers sold, more recruiting, more members. With more members, more copies of the paper sold, bigger meetings . . ."

"Then what?" I asked.

We quickly drew up the Left scenario:

1) An industrial crisis breaks out, with a strike paralyzing the economy.

2) The government attempts to break the strike, using the police and Army.

3) The impetus towards a general strike becomes irresistable.

4) General strike. The economy is paralyzed: the government all in a heap.

5) Out of trade councils and factory committees are formed workers' soviets. These are the prototypes of dual power.

6) A huge workers' congress is held amidst the blazing ruins of late capitalism. Outside, a workers' militia battles victoriously with the repressive forces.

7) Under the guidance of one of the revolutionary groups a workers' government is formed. It assumes power, expropriates the expropriators. The Revolution has occurred.

"Actually," says my friend, "most of the groups are a bit vague as to what will really happen."

His opinion was corroborated in a discussion I had with Bert Ramelson, industrial organizer of the Communist Party.

"It's a long struggle," Ramelson said emphatically. A Red Scare was going full swing in the newspapers the day we met. If the media were out searching for a Red under the bed, Ramelson was an excellent candidate. He was born in the Soviet Union, emigrated to Canada, worked on a Marxist-Zionist kibbutz in Israel in the Thirties, quit when the kibbutz refused to allow Arab labor, fought in the Spanish Civil War with the International Brigade, later fought in the Second World War, escaped from a prison camp in Italy, and finally ended up in England after the war as an organizer for the Communist Party.

So active a life has not filled Ramelson with starry hope.

"There is no doubt about it. The movement has made great advances over the last ten years. Ten years ago the trade union movement was largely controlled by right wingers. There are plenty of them still around, but the whole make up is different. But even if the trade union movement and the labor movement has shifted to the Left, that still leaves us with a Parliamentary Labor Party. I don't see much change there. Most of them are still opportunists."

Ramelson's perspective is a fairly straightforward one. He advocates imposition of socialist policies by the labor movement on a Labor leadership innately hostile to the dilemmas and crises of British capitalism. The long, long run might bring a truly socialist Parliamentary labor leadership as well.

"So you don't see the workers battling their way up Whitehall in the not-too-distant future?"

"Oh, I'm not saying that won't happen. Anything *could* happen. The situation is very volatile. I'm just saying that what the ultra-lefts don't realize is that it's a long struggle. Very long."

A long struggle. How long, oh Lord, how long?

["LET 'EM CLOSE DOWN"]

I leave Janet in the car and start walking through the miners village, knocking on doors. Finally a middle aged miner opens up, and agrees we can chat. He is having Sunday tea with his son, a tool maker. Despite the desolate aspect of the village, his house is snug. Not at all the type image I thought of from without. A large color television set dominates one side of the room. An elaborate tapedeck is softly playing songs by Jim Reed. He is poor, but no caricature.

"Aye. This village was built about a hundred years ago by a mining company. It's infamous, I suppose. A lad was bringing me the telly the other day, and he said he was frightened to walk down the streets. But when he got inside he said he preferred it to his modern block in the town. You can see the sun here. They'll be knocking it down this year."

This is the day before the miners voted 81 percent in favor of a strike.

"Oh, aye, I'm all in favor of a strike. Look, I cross into

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the pit head at 6 in the morning. I change, go down into the pit, and let's say I'm ready to work at 6:40 a.m. Well, that's when I start getting paid. And I take home £28 (about $60) a week. Look at the prices, lad. Me and my wife can't live on that."

His father had been on strike in the famous miners strike of 1926. The miners stayed out for several months, but finally lost.

"I can remember that. Of course, we didn't have any strike pay, any more than we do today. He used to go pick up things in the fields, my father did. I suppose I might be doing that in a month or two myself. But mind you, I don't see it lasting that long. Industry's different now. Too much depends on coal. Too much stops if we don't get the coal out.

"You see, we just want our money. It doesn't make much difference if we're up against a Conservative or a Labor government. That Wilson is no good friend of the working man. Mind you, I'm a Labor Party voter myself, because that's the party the working man will vote for. But they didn't do much for us when they were in. Labor, Conservative, Liberal, Communist. They're all the same."

"To my way of thinking, none of them are Left enough," the son breaks in.

I ask if there is any group or party he would support.

There doesn't seem to be anyone around. But none of the ones we have are Left enough. We need someone to redistribute the wealth in this country."

"I agree with you, but look at the situation, John," his father says. "Let's face it, the country's broke. Look at those figures we saw on the news. Britain's in deficit by £2.2 billion (about $5 billion). But those Germans. They have a surplus of about the same amount. Who won the war? And this oil business has made a difference again. D'ye know how much more we'll be paying for that, from those Arabs?"

"We've just got to keep our noses above water, as it were. But I ask you. Do you think they have a right to offer a man working in dangerous conditions, practically naked some of the time, with all the dust and accidents, only £34 a week or so? You can't ask that. So when they say that the mines will have to be permanently closed down for lack of maintenance, while we're on strike, well, the lads say, Let 'em close down. We don't want to work in them. But then we know that they won't let them close down. They can't afford to. You see, we were told we were in a dying industry. But now we know we're not. And that gives the lads a lot more clout. A lot more confidence, I mean.

"I don't see how we can lose."

["A LONG WAY TO GO"]

The next morning I fly down from Edinburgh to London with Mick McGahey, the Scottish vice-president of the miners union. A Communist of unflinching directness, he has just remarked publicly that if troops were brought into mining areas the miners should remind them of their working class origins. (McGahey is often noted for allegedly having decorated the funeral bier of his 87 year old mother with a banner reading "Mrs. McGahey, murdered by capitalism.")

The heads of the Labor Party, the Conservative Party and all media have rounded on McGahey, denouncing him as a leading representative of the Communist menace which

A. DeAndrade/Magnum

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was holding the nation ransom. The huge vote in favor of the strike has just come in. He is naturally jubilant, but as cautious about the future as Ramelson had been. It is a matter of slow going in the trade union movement.

McGahey, born in the middle 1920s, represents a tough generation of Left organizers. His father was a founding member of the British Communist Party. By his mid-teens he had seen the collapse of the Labor Party into the National Government and the defeat of the Spanish Republic. Later he experienced the collapse of the post-war Labor Government, the dissipation of the huge impetus to change that had grown throughout the war and, most recently, the delinquencies of the last Labor Government.

There was a time when union leaders, brought in for last-minute rap sessions with the Prime Minister during some strike, were intimidated by their fine surroundings, by grave, solemn appeals to "the national interest," by ringing announcement in the press that "ours is one nation," that class must not be set against class. Under this pressure, union leaders often crumbled.

McGahey is made of tougher material.

"Think," said one cabinet minister to him in a last-minute appeal against the strike. "Think of the long-term national interest."

"In the long run, minister," answered McGahey, quoting Keynes, "we're all dead."

"I think," McGahey says to me as we fly over the Lake District, "Heath has been forced to call an election. The papers say I'm politically motivated, or that the miners are politically motivated. Of course that's true. We want the end of Phase Three [a form of wage control imposed by the Conservative government] and if we get the end of that, which is a political ambition, and if we get the end of the Conservative government, which is also a political ambition, then of course we are politically motivated."

His colleague, Bill McLean, president of the Scottish miners and another Communist, broods about the problems of picketing.

"They say the police are practicing picket-breaking tactics. And one of the lads in the Army over in Ulster says that the big armored personnel vehicles are being rehearsed in moving pickets. They've got 11 of these things in Edinburgh, you know. Saltley won't be so easy this time."

Saltley was the battle that won the strike for the miners in 1972. The strike had lasted long enough that it was crucial for the government to get coal supplies out of the Saltley coke depot in Birmingham. Flying pickets of miners were quickly assembled. They were joined by fellow workers from the engineering factories around Birmingham. Soon there were ten thousand pickets round the depot gates. The police took one look and closed the depot down.

"Only a fool takes on ten thousand people," said the local chief of police, as he admitted defeat. It was a dreadful shock for the government, and one they have been practicing for two years to avoid next time.

"Oh, yes," says McGahey. "The pickets might be a nasty business this time. You could have provocation by the police. The lads will have to be very careful."

McGahey leans back in the plane seat as we begin the descent into London. He looks very tired and the scars, where someone had broken a bottle in his face for selling the party paper as a young man, show up whitely.

"The movement's come a long way in the last ten years. But it's a matter of time and patience. We've got a long way to go."

I think of the miner who remarked to me that "Labor, Conservative, Liberal, Communist, they're all the same." What neither Ramelson nor McGahey really discuss is the long-term changes in the labor movement—that basically mean the demise of the Labor Party as the traditional repository of hope for radical change. Initially, there was the blending of trade-union organization and funds with a largely middle-class parliamentary representation. Behind the twin forces lay the amorphous but extensive formation known as the labor movement. With innumerable setbacks, deletions, and "betrayals," this cumbersome structure lasted, in increasing disrepair, down to the mid-Sixties.

Since then, though, the decline has been more spectacular. Socialist energies have not generated young people to enter Parliament, but young people yearning to conduct revolutionary struggles in Left groups, or in women's liberation. The ongoing conflict in Northern Ireland presented images of revolution and of violent struggle utterly discordant with the idiom of a peaceful social democratic party, eager to gain votes, get seats, win an election, and be presented with the arduous task of shoring up British capitalism.

[DREAMS AND PHANTASMS]

In a sense, a full circle is coming to a close. The Left groups are discovering, as the Communist Party learned before, that the struggle cannot be fought entirely outside the Parliamentary arena. Therefore, it is a matter of getting one's forces into Parliament. This means entering the red light district of electoral parties, and indulging in furtive or lingering embraces with the rouged old bones of Madame Labor Party herself. It's the old cry, make the Labor Party a socialist party.

Brother Tactic meets Madame Strategy. There is, of course, nothing else for them to do. Similar decomposition is affecting the Conservative party, itself as elaborate a confection of class alliances as its Labor counterpart. There is no more sense imagining a full-fledged revolutionary party springing from the skull of this decaying body politic, than in fantasizing a full-fledged fascist party rising out of the moribund Conservative Party.

There is both a long-term and a short-term crisis for British capitalism. In the divided structure that houses industrial capitalism on the one hand, and finance capitalism on the other, the rickety structure of industrial capitalism is simply undercapitalized, outdated in its infrastructure and badly run. Finance capitalism is basically preoccupied with the export of capital.

At the moment, the class paying the price for this imbalance, for the huge trading deficits afflicting the British economy, is the working class. And the working class largely pays the penalty for the inflation that is following the leap in world commodity prices, and the money printed up by the Bank of England to finance that deficit.

Yet the Conservative government is simply not prepared to adjust, even minutely, the distribution of wealth

(Continued on page 59)

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Women at Work

Ch. Simonpietri/Sygma

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Studs Terkel is perhaps America's most skilled practitioner of the art of letting people talk. A well-known radio broadcaster in Chicago, he has edited two remarkable books, *Division Street: America,* and *Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression,* of tape-recorded interviews with men and women in all social classes. For the last several years he has been going around the country—his own Chicago, Brooklyn, mid-Western farms, the coal mining areas of Appalachia—recording what people have to say about their work. From about one hundred of these interviews, we have selected four.

[MAGGIE HOLMES—DOMESTIC]

"What bugs me now, since I'm on welfare, is people saying they give you the money for nothin'. When I think back what we had to come through, up from the South, comin' here. The hard work we had to do. It really gets me, when I hear people . . . It do somethin' to me. I think violence.

I think what we had to work for. I used to work for $1.50 a week. This is five days a week, sometimes six. If you live in the servant quarter, your time is never off, because if they decide to have a party at night, you gotta come out. My grandmother, I remember when she used to work, we'd get milk and a pound of butter. I mean this was pay. I'm thinkin' about what my poor parents worked for, gettin' nothing. What do the white think about when they think? Do they ever think about what *they* would do?

(*She had worked as a domestic hotel chambermaid, and as "kitchen help in cafes" for the past 25 years, up North and down South. She lives with her four children.*)

Now this bug me: the first thing she gonna do is pull out this damn rubber thing—just fittin' for your knees. Knee pads—like you're workin' in the fields, like people pickin' cotton. No mop or nothin'. That's why you find so many black women got rheumatism in their legs, knees. When you gets on that cold floor, I don't care how warm the house is, you can feel the cold on the floor, the water and stuff. I never see nobody on their knees until I come North. In the South, they had mops. Most times, if they had real heavy work, they always had a man to come in. Washin' windows, that's a man's job. They don't think nothin' about askin' you to do that here. They don't have no feeling that that's what bothers you. I think to myself; My God, if I had somebody come and do my floors, clean up for me, I'd appreciate it. They don't say nothin' about it. Act like you haven't even done anything. They has no feelin's.

I worked for one old hen on Lake Shore Drive. You remember that big snow they had there?* Remember when you couldn't get there? When I gets to work she says; "Call the office." She complained to the lady where I got the job, said I was late to work. So I called. So I said, in the phone (Shouts), "*What do you want with me?* I got home four black, beautiful kids. Before I go to anybody's job in the morning I see that my kids are at school. I gonna see that they have warm clothes on and they fed." I'm lookin' right at the woman I'm workin' for. (Laughs.) When I got through the phone I tell this employer, "That goes for you too. The only thing I live for is my kids. There's nothin', you and nobody else." The expression on her face: What is this? (Laughs.) She thought I was gonna be like (mimics "Aunt Jemima": "Yes ma'am, I'll try to get here a little early.") But it wasn't like that. (Laughs.) . . .

She had everything in there snow white. And that means work, believe me. In the dining room she had a blue set, she had sky-blue chairs. They had a bedroom with pink and blue. I look and say, "I know what this means." It means sho' 'nough—knees. I said, "I'm gonna try and make it today, *if* I can make it." Usually when they're so bad, you have to leave.

I ask her where the mop is. She says she don't have no mop. I said, "Don't tell me you mop the floor on your knees. I know you don't." They usually hide these mops in the clothes closet. I go out behind all these clothes and get the mop out. (Laughs.) They don't get on their knees, but they don't think nothin' about askin' a black woman. She says, "All you—you girls . . ." She stop. I say, "All you *niggers,* is that what you want to say?" She give me this stupid look. I say, "I'm glad you tellin' me that there's more like me." (Laughs.) I told her, "You better give me my money and let me go, 'cause I'm gettin' angry." So I made her give me my carfare and what I had worked that day. . . .

(*They ever call you by your last name?*)

Oh God, they wouldn't do that. (Laughs.) . . . .

(*A commonly observed phenomenon: during the early evening hour, trains, crowded predominantly by young white men carrying attaché cases, pass trains headed in the opposite direction, crowded predominantly by middle-aged black women carrying brown paper bags. Neither group, it appears, glances at the other.*

"We spend most of the time ridin'. You get caught goin' out from the suburbs at nighttime, man, you're really sittin' there for hours. There's nothin' movin'. You got a certain hour to meet trains. You get a transfer, you have to get that train. It's a shuffle to get in and out of the job. If you miss that train at five o'clock, what time you gonna get out that end? Sometime you don't get home till eight o'clock . . .")

You don't feel like washin' your own window when you come from out there, scrubbin'. If you work in one of them houses eight hours, you gotta come home do the same thing over . . . you don't feel like . . . (sighs softly) . . . tired. You gotta come home, take care of your kids, you gotta cook, you gotta wash. Most of the time, you gotta wash for the kids for somethin' to wear to school. You gotta clean up, 'cause you didn't have time in the morning. You gotta wash and iron and whatever you do, nights. You be so tired, until you don't feel like even doin' nothin'.

You get up at six, you fix breakfast for the kids, you get them ready to go on to school. Leave home about eight. Most of the time I make biscuits for my kids, cornbread you gotta make. I don't mean the canned kind. This I don't call cookin', when you go in that refrigerator and get some beans and drop 'em in a pot. And TV dinners, they go stick 'em in the stove and she say she cooked. This is not cookin'. . . .

*** It was the week of Chicago's Big Snow-In, beginning January 25, 1967. Traffic was hopelessly snarled. Scores of thousands couldn't get to work.**

by Studs Terkel

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When I work, only thing I be worryin' about is my kids. I just don't like to leave 'em too long. When they get out of school, you wonder if they out on the street. The only thing I worry is if they had a place to play in easy. I always call two, three times. When she don't like you to call, I'm in a hurry to get out of there. (Laughs.) My mind is gettin' home, what are you gonna find to cook before the stores close. . . .

They want you to get in a uniform. You take me and my mother, she work in what she wear. She tells you, "If that place so dirty where I can't wear my dress, I won't do the job." You can't go to work dressed like they do, 'cause they think you're not working—like you should get dirty, at least. They don't say what kind of uniform, just say uniform. This is in case anybody come in, the black be workin'. They don't want you walkin' around dressed up, lookin' like them. They asks you sometimes, "Don't you have somethin' else to put on?" I say, "No, 'cause I'm not gettin' on my knees. . . ."

I had them put money down and pretend they can't find it and have me look for it. I worked for one, she had dropped ten dollars on the floor, and I was sweepin' and I'm glad I seen it, because if I had put that sweeper on it, she coulda said I got it. I had to push the couch back and the ten dollars was there. Oh, I had 'em, when you go to dust, they put something . . . to test you. . . .

You know what I wanted to do all my life? I wanted to play piano. And I'd want to write songs and things, that's what I really wanted to do. If I could just get myself enough to buy a piano . . . And I'd like to write about my life, if I could sit long enough.

[SHARON ATKINS—RECEPTIONIST]

(A receptionist at a large business establishment in the Midwest. She is 24. Her husband is a student. "I was out of college, an English lit. major. I looked around for copywriting jobs. The people they wanted had majored in journalism. Okay, the first myth that blew up in my face is that a college education will get you a job.")

"I changed my opinion of receptionists because now I'm one. It wasn't the dumb broad at the front desk who took telephone messages. She had to be something else because I thought I was something else. I was fine until there was a press party. We were having a fairly intelligent conversation. Then they asked me what I did. When I told them, they turned around to find other people with name tags. I wasn't worth bothering with. I wasn't being rejected because of what I had said or the way I talked, but simply because of my function. After that, I tried to make up other names for what I did—communications control, servomechanism. (Laughs)

You come in at nine, you open the door, you look at the piece of machinery, you plug in the headpiece. That's how my day begins. You tremble when you hear the first ring. After that, it's sort of downhill—unless there's somebody on the phone who is either kind or nasty. The rest of the people are just non, they don't exist. They're just voices. You answer calls, you connect them to others, and that's it.

I don't have much contact with people. You can't see them. You don't know if they're laughing, if they're being satirical or being kind. So your conversations become very abrupt. I notice that in talking to people. My conversations would be very short and clipped, in short sentences, the way I talk to people all day on the telephone.

I never answer the phone at home. It carries over. The way I talk to people on the phone has changed. Even when my mother calls, I don't talk to her very long. I want to *see* people to talk to them. But now, when I see them, I talk to them like I was talking on the telephone. It isn't a conscious process. I don't know what's happened. When I'm talking to someone at work, the telephone rings, and the conversation is interrupted. So I never bother finishing sentences or finishing thoughts. I always have this feeling of interruption.

You can think about this thing and all of a sudden the telephone rings and you've got to jump right back. There isn't a ten-minute break in the whole day that's quiet. I once worked at a punch press, when I was in high school. A part-time job. You sat there and watched it for four, five hours. You could make up stories about people and finish them. But you can't do that when you've got only a few minutes. You can't pick it up after the telephone call. You can't think, you can't even finish a letter. So you do quickie things, like read a chapter in a short story. It has to be short-term stuff.

I notice people have asked me to slow down when I'm talking. What I do all day is to say what I have to say as quickly as possible and switch the call to whoever it's going to. If I'm talking to a friend, I have to make it quick before I get interrupted. . . .

I do some drawings—Mondrian, sort of. Peaceful colors of red and blue. Very ordered life. I'd like to think of rainbows and mountains. I never draw humans. Things of nature, never people. I always dream I'm alone and things are quiet. I call it the land of no-phone. . . .

(Do you have to lie sometimes?)

Oh sure, you have to lie for other people. That's another thing: having to make up stories for them if they don't want to talk to someone on the telephone. At first I'd feel embarrassed and I'd feel they knew I was lying. There was a sense of emptiness. There'd be a silence, and I'd feel guilty. At first I tried to think of a euphemism for "He's not here." It really bothered me. Then I got tired of doing it, so I just say, "He's not here." You're not looking at the person, you're talking to him over the instrument. (Laughs.) So after a while it doesn't really matter. The first time it was live. The person was there. I'm sure I blushed. He probably knew I was lying. And I think he understood I was just the instrument, not the source.

Until recently I'd cry in the morning. I didn't want to get up. I'd dread Fridays because Monday was always looming over me. Another five days ahead of me. There never seemed to be any end to it. Why am I doing this? Yet I dread looking for other jobs. I don't like filling out forms and taking typing tests. I remember on applications I'd put down, "I'd like to deal with the public." (Laughs.) Well, I don't want to deal with the public any more. . . .

I don't know what I'd like to do. That's what hurts the most. That's why I can't quit the job. I really don't think I'd mind going back and learning something, taking a piece of furniture and refinishing it. The type of thing where you

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know what you're doing and you can create and you can fix something to make it function.

[GRACE CLEMENTS–FACTORY WORKER]

(She is a sparrow of a woman in her mid-forties. She has 18 grandchildren. "I got my family the easy way. I married my family." She has worked in factories for the past 25 years: "A punch press operator, oven unloader, sander, did riveting, stapling, light assembly . . ." She has been with one company for 21 years, ARMCO Corporation.

"We have to punch in before seven. We're at our tank approximately one to two minutes before seven to take over from the girl who's leaving. The tanks run 24 hours a day.")

"The tank I work at is six-foot deep, eight-foot square. In it is pulp, made of ground wood, ground glass, fiberglass, a mixture of chemicals and water. It comes up through a copper screen felter as a form, shaped like the luggage you buy in the store.

In 40 seconds you have to take the wet felt out of the felter, put the blanket on a rubber sheeting to draw out the excess moisture, wait two, three seconds, take the blanket off, pick the wet felt up, balance it on your shoulder—there is no way of holding it without it tearing all to pieces, it is wet and will collapse—reach over, get the hose, spray the inside of this copper screen to keep it from plugging, turn around, walk to the hot dry die behind you, take the hot piece off with your opposite hand, set it on the floor this wet thing is still balanced on my shoulder—put the wet piece on the dry die, push this button that lets the dry press down, inspect the piece we just took off, the hot piece, stack it, and count it—when you get a stack of ten, you push it over and start another stack of ten then go back and put our blanket on the wet piece coming up from the tank . . . and start all over. Forty seconds. We also have to weigh every third piece in that time. It has to be within so many grams. We are constantly standing and moving. If you talk during working, you get a reprimand, because it is easy to make a reject if you're talking.

A 30-inch luggage weighs up to 14 pounds wet. The hot piece weighs between three to four pounds. The big luggage you'll maybe process only 400. On the smaller luggage, you'll run maybe 800, sometimes 850 a day. All day long is the same thing over and over. That's about ten steps every 40 seconds about 800 times a day.

We work eight straight hours, with two ten-minute break and one 20-minute break for lunch. If you want to use the washroom, you have to do that in that time. By the time you leave your tank, you go to the washroom, freshen up a bit, go into the recreation room, it makes it very difficult to finish a small lunch and be back in the tank in 20 minutes. So you don't really have too much time for conversation. Many of our women take a half a sandwich or some of them don't even take anything. I'm a big eater. I carry a lunch box, fruit, a half a sandwich, a little cup of cottage cheese or salad. I find it very difficult to complete my lunch in the length of time.

You cannot at any time leave the tank. The pieces in the die will burn while you're gone. If you're real, real, real sick and in urgent need, you do shut it off. You turn on the trouble light and wait for the tool man to come and take your place. But they'll take you to a nurse and check it out. . . .

I guess my scars are pretty well healed by now, because I've been off on medical leave for two, three months. Ordinarily I usually have two, three burn spots. It's real hot, and if it touches you for a second, it'll burn your arm. Most of the girls carry scars all the time. . . .

I have arthritis in the joints of some of my fingers. Your hands handling hot pieces perspire and you end up with rheumatism or arthritis in your fingers. Naturally in your shoulder, balancing that wet piece. You've got the heat, you've got the moisture because there's steam coming out. You have the possibility of being burnt with steam when the hot die hits that wet felt. You're just engulfed in a cloud of steam every 40 seconds.

It's very noisy. If the tool man comes to talk to you, the noise is great enough you have to almost shout to make yourself heard. There's the hissing of the steam, there's the compressed air, a lot of pressure—it's gotta lift that 15 pounds and break it loose from that copper screen. I've lost a certain percentage of my hearing already. I can't hear the phone in the yard. The family can. . . .

(Laughs.) I daydream while I'm working. Your mind gets so it automatically picks out the flaws. I plan my paper and what I'm going to have for supper and what we're gonna do for the weekend. My husband and I have a 16-foot boat. We spend a lot of weekends and evenings on the river. And I try to figure out how I'm gonna feed 20, 25 people for dinner on Saturday. And how to solve a grievance. . . .

I was one of the organizers here (laughs) when the union came in. I was as anti-union in the beginning as I am union now. Coming from a small farming community in Wisconsin, I didn't know what a union was all about. I didn't understand the labor movement at all. In school you're shown the bad side of it. . . .

My whole attitude on the job has changed since the union came in. Now I would like to be a union counselor or work for the OEO. I work with humans as grievance committee chairman. They come to you angry, they come to you hurt, they come to you puzzled. You have to make life easier for them. . . .

I hope I don't work many more years. I'm tired. I'd like to stay home and keep house. We're in hopes my husband would get himself a small hamburger place and a place near the lake where I can have a little garden and raise my flowers that I love to raise. . . .

[LILITH REYNOLDS–POVERTY WORKER]

"It's hard for me to describe what I'm doing right now. It may sound like gobbledygook. It's hard to understand all the initials. It's like alphabet soup. We just went through a reorganization, which is typical of government. Reorganization comes at a rapid rate these days. My job has changed not only in name but in status.

(She has worked nine years for the Federal government, "I work for the OEO. I was assistant to the regional director. I was what's called the regional council liaison person. There's something called the Inter-Agency Regional Council, which is made up of five agencies: OEO, HEW, Welfare,

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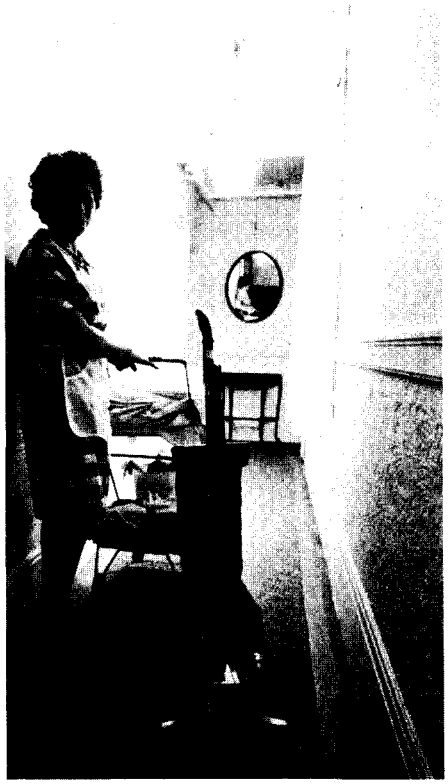

Peeter Vilms/Jerobaom

Ken Light

Ken Graves/Jerobaom

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Dennis Brack/Black Star

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Labor, Transportation, and Housing. This group meets once a month.

"Agencies don't really want to coordinate their efforts. They want to operate their programs their way and the hell with the others. OEO has been unique in that we've funded directly to communities without going through other government structures.)

There's a theory I have. An employee's advancement depends on what his supervisor thinks of him, not on what the people working for him think. The regional director's job depends on his friendship in Washington. So the best thing for him to do is not challenge the system, not make waves. His future depends on being nice to the people who are making the decisions to make the cuts that are hurting his employees. So he's silent. But the people down here, the field representatives, who know what's going on, make waves. So the director tries to get rid of the most troublesome.

At our office there's less and less talk about poor people. It's mainly about how we should do things. I don't know if this was always so. It's just more obvious now. Local politicians have more and more say in the programs. In Chicago, Mayor Daley runs it. In other cities, it depends on the power structure. We talk more of local institutions these days, not of poor people. . . .

The employees should help make policy, since they're closest to what's going on. It's probably the same as in auto plants. A lot of times workers can make better decisions about production than managers. The managers aren't down there often enough to know what's going on.

Through the union people have been bringing up ideas, and management is forced more and more to listen. They hadn't taken us very seriously up to now. But we just got a national contract which calls for union-management committees. I think our union has challenged management a lot more than most government unions. That's largely because of the kind of people OEO has attracted. They believe in being advocates of the poor. They believe in organizing people to challenge the system. It's a natural carry-over to organize a union which also challenges the system. . . .

That's another typical thing in government. When management wants to get rid of you, they don't fire you. What they do is take your work away. That's what happened to me. He didn't even tell me what my new job would be. They sent somebody down to go through my personnel file "My God, what can we do with her?" They had a problem because I'm a high-grade employee. I'm grade 44. The regional director's a 17. One of the deputy directors told me, "You're going to be economic development specialist." (Laughs.)

I'm very discouraged about my job right now. I have nothing to do. For the last four or five weeks I haven't been doing any official work, because they really don't expect anything. They just want me to be quiet. What they've said is it's a 60-day detail. I'm to come up with some kind of paper on economic development. It won't be very hard because there's little that can be done. At the end of 60 days I'll present the paper. But because of the reorganization that's come up I'll probably never be asked about the paper.

It's extremely frustrating. But, ironically, I've felt more productive in the last few weeks doing what I've wanted to do than I have in the last year doing what I was officially supposed to be doing. Officially I'm loafing. I've been working on organizing women and on union activities. It's been great. . . .

Since I've been doing what I want to do, my day goes much faster. When I was assistant to the regional director, an awful lot of my time was taken up with endless meetings. I spent easily 20 or more hours a week in meetings. Very, very nonproductive. Though now I'm doing what I want to do, I know it's not gonna last.

I have to hide the stuff I'm doing. If anybody walks into the office, you have to quick shove the stuff out of the way. It's fairly well known now that I'm not doing any official work, because this huge controversy has been going on between the union and the director. People are either on one side or the other. Most people who come in to see me are on the union side. I'm not hiding the fact that I'm not doing any official work.

I hide the stuff because I feel a little guilty. This is probably my Protestant upbringing. I've been work-oriented all my life. I can't go on drawing a paycheck doing what I want to do—that's my conditioning. My dad worked in a factory. I was taught work is something you *have* to do. You do that to get money. It's not your life, but you must do it. Now I believe—I'm getting around to it (laughs)—you should get paid for doing what you want to do. I know its happening to me. But I still have this conditioning: it's too good to be true.

I've had discussions with friends of mine to the Right and to the Left of me. The people to the Left say you shouldn't take any part in a corrupt system. To give them your time and take money from them is a no-no. People to the Right say you have no right to take the taxpayer's money for doing nothing. You're not doing official work, therefore you shouldn't be paid for it.

I feel much less guilty about this than I would have a year ago. I have less and less confidence that management people should be telling me what to do. They know less than I do. I trust my own judgment more. I believe that what I'm doing is important.

What would be my recommendation? I read Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* which is about a utopian society. Getting paid for breathing is what it amounts to. I believe we'd be a lot better off if people got paid for what they wanted to do. You would certainly get a bigger contribution from the individual. I think it would make for exciting change. It'd be great.

The reasons people get paid now are wrong. I think the reward system should be different. I think we should have a basic security—a decent place to live, decent food, decent clothing, and all that. So people in a work situation wouldn't be so frightened. People are intimidated and the system works to emphasize that. They get what they want out of people by threatening them economically. It makes people apple polishers and ass kissers. I used to hear people say, "Work needs to be redefined." I thought they were crazy. Now I know they're not.

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UPI

John Ford: The Last Frontiersman

by Ron Chernow

Last April, Hollywood and Washington society turned out together to heap honors on plain Jack Ford. The pretext for the lavish spectacle at the Beverly Hills Hilton was the presentation of the American Film Institute's first Life Achievement Award. But the true purpose of the evening was to celebrate a Mass to American conservatism, with Ford as the priest. Yet sitting in black tie beneath a hundred floodlights, Ford looked frail and shrunken. His face was pallid and freckled in the glare, his frame wasted by recent sickness.

It soon became apparent that the American cinema's greatest director, the man who had raised the Western to the level of art, would not receive the tribute he deserved. The Nixon bureaucracy seemed bent upon exploiting Ford's films for their propaganda value. As the audience joined in the singing of patriotic songs, H. R. Haldeman thumped his hands on his knee in time to the music. Barry Goldwater chatted to admirers, while Ronald Reagan walked smiling up and down the aisles.

Through a ceremony that at times bore no connection to his work, Ford maintained a dignified presence. Danny Kaye, a virtual stranger to Ford, served as the Master of Ceremonies, while Leslie Uggams, in an apparent confusion of directors, regaled the gathering with "A Man and a Woman." Finally, presenting Ford with the Medal of Freedom, Richard Nixon extolled Ford's work as the cinematic equivalent of his own conservative ideology. He applauded Ford's films for giving the nation "a complete picture of America and a good picture of America."

At last Ford himself rose to receive the medal. All his life he had shrunk from such ceremonies, sending proxies to pick up five of his six Academy Awards. Now he stood before an audience filled with the fashionably successful people whom he had always abhorred. Ford must have been too shrewd not to know that his personal tribute had been turned into a public relations stunt. Nevertheless, he had a profound respect for public ritual and revered the office of the Presidency. Speaking in a voice thick with emotion, Ford talked of the returning POW's. He then ended his public career with what he described as "a small prayer - God Bless Richard Nixon."

The festivities might as well have been his funeral. On August 31, Ford died in his home at Palm Desert, California. President Nixon promptly issued a public declaration of sorrow.

No man felt a deeper affection for Hollywood, nor a more savage contempt for its snobbery, than Jack Ford. "I love Hollywood," he once said, "I mean the lower echelons and the grips, the technicians." Ford customarily shunned celebrities and sought out the fringe of the Hollywood sub-culture. The only stars whom he could tolerate were those of his own creation, men like John Wayne and Ward Bond, who worshipped him with filial awe. Even after he made *The Informer* in 1935, and began to fetch $100,000 per picture, Ford still spent his leisure time in the society of electricians and carpenters.

Ford's films reflect a fierce determination to be faithful to his roots. His roots stretched back to Cape Elizabeth, Maine, where he was born of Irish immigrants in 1895, and back to Ireland itself, where he studied periodically throughout his boyhood. Spir-

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ited to Hollywood in 1914 by his brother Francis, later a matinee idol, Ford progressed through the ranks—as prop man, stunt man, assistant director and finally, in 1917, as director of a two-reel Western, *The Tornado*. At the same time, his name underwent a symbolic metamorphosis — Sean O'Fienne, Sean O'Feeney, Jack Ford and then John Ford.

But in spite of his success, one continually feels in Ford a silent wish to slide down the social ladder and submerge himself again among ordinary people. This sense of a lost paradise in his private life is mirrored by what Ford regarded as the director's fall from grace and the commercialization of the film industry. Schooled in the early days of cinema, he cherished the memory of its pioneer era, when the director and his crew would travel alone to a wilderness spot to shoot a Western. Far from the intrusion of producers and financiers, they worked in the rhythm of a simpler time, shooting until sundown, then resting in sleeping bags till dawn.

In the 1930s, all this was destroyed by the switch to the high pressure studios and the "committee method." Under this system, the producers tried to impose assembly line techniques on film production. Like interchangeable parts of a colossal machine, directors were now asked to produce individual scenes without any conception of the whole. Though never a firebrand by temperament, Ford developed a reputation as a rebel for his impassioned defense of artistic prerogatives. Instrumental in organizing the Screen Directors Guild in 1937, Ford was prompted to his one protracted stint of political activism by a loss of status, a protest that was conservative in essence. "We feel that the guild fills a very great need," he then wrote. "The producers have associations; every other division of the industry is organized; why not us?" The fight for artistic integrity took on the aura of a class struggle in Ford's mind.

This strife must have left a permanent scar on Ford. A sensitive, introspective man, he often locked himself in his study to read for an entire night. In his interviews of the Thirties, there is a freedom and openness that was sacrificed during the confrontation with the studios. Something in him hardened, and in his later years, Ford was a sour and cantankerous old man, chewing a stogie and spewing venom.

In *Young Mr. Lincoln* (1939), one of Ford's finest films, Abe Lincoln falls in love with young Ann Rutledge. The idyllic quality of their love is suggested in a stroll that they take along a river bank, a melody in the background. But this serenity is shattered by Ann's untimely death. Every time the music recurs, it recalls that brief and insubstantial vision of bliss. Frequently, the reprise of love themes in Ford's work has this same feeling: of life slipping away, of happiness only in the past. These themes are all crystallized in a stock Ford scene the communion with the tombstone of a loved one. His characters often are laden with the memories of dead people, dead worlds. The man President Nixon hailed as a panegyrist of the American dream made films steeped in nostalgia.

In *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962), Ford flashes backwards from the wake for the brawny cowboy, Tom Donovan. By shooting the desperado, Liberty Valance, and throwing the credit to the lawyer, Ransom Stoddard, Donovan had years before ensured the obsolence of old-time gunslingers like himself. But he undergoes this self-sacrifice for the sake of a progress dubiously reflected in the sterility of modern Shinbone, the frontier town of the flashbacks. In both *Young Mr. Lincoln* and *Liberty Valance*, the politician attains success at the cost of alienation from the populace and his past. Ransom Stoddard has helped to "tame" the West, but has lost his purity in the process. At the end, he expresses a pastoral yearning to renounce politics and, like a Roman general, retire to the scene of his past.

As with many of his own comic creations, Ford's personality was a compound of crotchets and whims. Though susceptible to emotional excesses, he affected the image of the tough, unsentimental Irishman. Though scathing if challenged by his actors, he also retained a protective, almost paternal attitude toward them. In fact, Ford so persistently used the same extras and character actors — Victor McLaglen, Barry Fitzgerald and Thomas Mitchell, to name a few—that they came to be known as the John Ford Stock Company.

Aside from its artistic advantages, the Stock Company also satisfied a personal need for Ford, permitting him to establish a surrogate community amid the anonymity of the studios. Ford once remarked, "... when I was starting in this town those people were kind to me. I want to repay a little of that if it's in my power." And again: "I have so many people to support, mostly cowboys. They're all old-timers in this business who don't work a day in the year unless I give them work."

Though Ford conceded that he had killed more Indians than Custer, he adopted the Indians, too, into his cinema family. Nine of Ford's Westerns were shot on location in Monument Valley, a section of the Navajo reservation on the Utah-Arizona state line. When he first used this stark landscape for *Stagecoach* in 1938, he brought much-needed work to the Navajos in the midst of the Depression. He again averted disaster for the tribe when a blizzard followed the shooting of *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* in 1949. Finally, he rescued the Navajos from yet another recession with *Cheyenne Autumn* in 1964. Grateful for his loyalty, the Navajos granted Ford the exclusive privilege of shooting in their sacred burial grounds. They also annointed him with a special name, Natani Nex, "the Tall Leader."

Ford's most powerful films before the war were populist on the surface, but at their core was a kind of agrarian traditionalism. *The Grapes of Wrath* (1940), *Tobacco Road* (1941) and *How Green Was My Valley* (1941) are elegies for the passage of a patriarchal culture rooted in the land. In each, the advent of technology signals the destruction of a family and desecration of the soil. In these films, Ford's conservatism mingles uneasily with the radical narratives. The left-wing militance of *The Grapes of Wrath* is undercut with a sense of Christian allegory overshadowing Steinbeck's socialist purpose. Even the Okies' period of bliss at the Agriculture Department camp seems but another event in the vicissitudes of mortal life.

By recording the irreversible destruction of the agrarian society in

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Oaklahoma, *The Grapes of Wrath* re-enacts an expulsion from Eden, the cornerstone of Ford's mythology. "The whole thing appealed to me," Ford said of the film, "being about simple people—and the story was similar to the famine in Ireland, when they threw the people off the land and left them wandering in the roads to starve."

Though Ford's films celebrate a stoic fortitude, many of the best scenes reflect a softer side of his nature: Abe Lincoln by the riverbank again. When Tom Joad returns from prison in *The Grapes of Wrath,* he discovers his neighbor, Muley, in the shadows of the derelict house. While the others have gone off chasing dreams in California, Muley continues to haunt a dead world. Besides him only the wind remains, howling through the creaking house. The same wind is blowing dead leaves along a gutted road at the start of *Tobacco Road,* with "Dixie," a threnody for the feudal South, in the background.

Tobacco Road also shows Ford's unresolved tension between a belief in historical progress and a feeling no human effort will change things. Jeeter Lester continually reiterates his quixotic plan for clearing the land and planting cotton. But we know that he will continue to delude himself with such dreams, without ever realizing them.

In Ford's pre-war films, the economic prophecies of the radical characters are consistently affirmed. In *The Grapes of Wrath,* the fee per box of fruit plummets once the pressure of the strike is lifted, as had been predicted by the strikers. In *How Green Was My Valley,* the influx of miners from the next valley drives down the wages, again predicted by the agitators. Nevertheless, in his story of the Welsh miners, Ford prefers to portray the heroism of the intransigent father, Mr. Morgan, who clings to outmoded values and urges conciliation. One feels his ostracism by the strikers far more keenly than their exploitation by the mine owners. Ford loathed all forms of organized pressure, an attitude that alternately made him a foe of right- and left-wing groups. Standing against history, his heroes seem stymied by the passage of the years, turning into pariahs and misfits.

The Second World War extinguished the crusading spirit in Ford. Involvement with a mass military machine blurred for him the class lines that he had once perceived. Never again would he admit to a political motivation behind his art. "I was only interested in the Joad family as characters," he claimed later. "I was sympathetic to people like the Joads and contributed a lot of money to them, but I was not interested in "Grapes" as a social study." But Ford tended to become touchy in his comments on "Grapes," as if the questions kept probing a sensitive spot. At a UCLA symposium in 1964, the moderator kept prodding Ford to concede that he had intended a "message" in "Grapes." Finally Ford exploded: "I am of the proletariat . . . My people were peasants. They came here, were educated. They served this country well. I love America. I am a-political."

Ford tried retroactively to impose this image on his pictures of the Thirties. But the chronicles of the time tell a different story. Here one discovers a Jack Ford attuned to the left-wing political tempo of his time. Sharing the enthusiasm of an interviewer for *New Theatre* in 1935. Ford stated: "I remember a few years ago, with a Judge Priest picture, putting in an anti-lynching plea that was one of the most scorching things you ever heard. They happened to cut it, purely for reasons of space, but I enjoyed doing that enormously. And there can be more things like that." Or, speaking to a reporter in 1939, after the release of *Stagecoach,* Ford remarked, "They [the producers] could turn out twelve films like *Stagecoach* a year instead of two like *Marie Antoinette.* Think of the work such a policy would give to the people out there . . . Do you realize that an extra, who makes from $7.50 to $11 a day, gets an average of two days work a month?"

With the outbreak of war in the Pacific, Ford immediately signed up for service. He was put in charge of the field photographic branch of the Office of Strategic Services and exhibited extraordinary courage in battle. Standing atop a water tower at Midway Island in June 1942, Ford single-handedly filmed *The Battle of Midway* while his arm was splintered with shrapnel. Afterwards, he slipped into occupied France and made contact with the Resistance, then materialized in Normandy for the Allied landing of June 1944. Ford emerged from the war decorated with medals and with the rank of rear admiral in the U.S. Naval Reserves.

Ford made scores of friends among the military brass, who must have permanently modified his outlook. During the occupation of Japan, he visited General MacArthur in Tokyo and discovered him indulging himself with successive screenings of *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949), Ford's elegiac film about a cavalry officer forced into an involuntary retirement. Many of Ford's post-war films were to be filled with such nostalgia for past military glory.

Prior to the war, Ford's films had documented the frustrations of the white rural poor in America. But the post-war prosperity meant the movement of those whites into a security-conscious middle class with memories of the Depression. In a parallel movement, Ford formed Argosy Pictures with Merian C. Cooper and thereby graduated from the adversary position of the director to a managerial one of a studio owner.

As the country drifted into McCarthyism, Ford seemed caught between conflicting sympathies. The Screen Directors Guild, united by the spirit of left-wing politics during the Thirties, was now ravaged by dissension. At a legendary meeting during the red-baiting period, Ford excoriated Cecil B. DeMille for his efforts to smear Joseph L. Mankiewicz as a "red." "I don't think there's anyone in this room who knows more about what the American public wants than Cecil B. DeMille," he said to the members. But then turning upon DeMille himself, Ford added, "But I don't like you, C.B. And I don't like what you've been saying here tonight. Now I move we give Joe a vote of confidence—and let's all go home and get some sleep." Ford won the battle, but Hollywood lost the war.

During the Thirties, Ford had made only a single Western, *Stagecoach* (1939). But with a perhaps escapist urgency he returned to Monument Valley for five Westerns between 1946 and 1950. In 1971, he

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courtesy of Film Quarterly/Univ. of Calif. Press

John Ford on location

said, "I like the Western because it's made on location. You're out there in the open, away from the smog and the freeways. You're surrounded by a bunch of stunt men, good food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. That's why I like to make Westerns." A French critic once asked Ford to account for the appeal of the cowboys. "We all wish to leave behind us the civilized world," he replied, "and are envious of them . . . for the straight and simple life they can lead."

Whether set in the Old West or the wilds of Africa, Ford's post-war films pit civilization against more primitive societies, with the latter proving superior. Virtually every Ford Western after the War credits the "savage" Indian with more humanity than the "civilized" white man. This pastoral strain can also be seen in the frequency with which a snobbish heroine from an Eastern metropolis ends up casting her lot with frontier society. Rather than holding the mirror up to an urbanized, industrialized America, Ford opted for the loving recreation of the past. The close-ups of *Stagecoach* give way to the long shots and operatic style of *Fort Apache* (1948), *Rio Grande* (1950) and *The Searchers* (1956). Ford's faith in the stoic virtues found expression in perhaps his most memorable image the proud, high-stepping horses of the cavalry, with the soldiers tall and straight in the saddle, riding to their doom, while the women weep in the roadside.

Ford's work took another short-lived tack in the early Sixties. During these years he confronted social issues more directly than at any time since *The Grapes of Wrath*. He took on the most explosive issues: black militancy in *Sergeant Rutledge* (1960), Indian genocide in *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964) and feminism in *Seven Women* (1966). Though set in the past, these pictures speak unabashedly to the present and are free of the maudlin sentiment that characterizes Ford's more conservative work. Ford was the son of a solidly Democratic family, and the New Frontier may have had a tonic effect.

Then came Vietnam. Whatever his reservations about the war, he was heartsick at the desecration of the flag and the derision of the country's leaders. A radical movement composed of middle-class students, intellectuals and city dwellers could have little appeal for an old populist like Ford.

In the 1960s, Ford was commissioned by the USIA to produce a propaganda film on Vietnam, which was shelved upon completion because of a shift of public opinion against the war. According to the *New York Times* of June 13, 1971, the documentary was reported "to present the Government's side of the controversy over the war." It was perhaps fitting that Ford's final film was obsolete by the time of its completion.

John Ford ended his life as an invalid, with nurses in constant attendance. In his last days he rarely received strangers, preferring people he had known in the past. He spent his time in the study of his home, a mausoleum filled with momentos of his career. The six statues he had received from the Motion Picture Academy stood on his mantel. Nearby was a war bonnet from the Battle of Little Big Horn. And hanging on the wall was a pair of gloves worn by Buffalo Bill in the Wild West Show.

Ron Chernow is a freelance writer specializing in film. His work has also appeared in New York *magazine.*

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The Almanac
by Tom Zeman

As Fred Halliday's article on Brazil in this issue reminded me, there are several parts of the world besides Southeast Asia where the situation is ugly, American complicity is heavy, and daily news media coverage is poor and apologetic. Perhaps because the need is so great, leftist study groups and publications are especially good on international affairs.

One of the very best Left periodicals on foreign affairs is the monthly *MERIP Reports,* published by the Middle East Research and Information Project. It features in-depth, analytical-historical articles on the Mideast that are intelligently argued, well documented, and decently written. (They are also extremely anti-Israeli.) A issue contains one long (20-30 page) article on a specific country or problem (e.g. a couple of fine articles on oil by Joe Stork), plus occasionally some news shorts or short reviews. A one year subscription costs $6 (overseas and institutions, $10). Write MERIP, P.O. Box 3122, Columbia Heights Station, Washington, D.C. 20010.

[LATIN AMERICA]

NACLA's Latin America and Empire Report, published by the North American Congress on Latin America, has strayed away from Latin American affairs recently, devoting some issues to Vietnam or the U.S. Army though their January 1974 issue is about Mexico. Their coverage of Latin America limits itself to the U.S. role there, and avoids strictly internal politics; it is more expose than analysis, though everything is carefully documented. But within those limits, NACLA does a superb job. They are especially good at keeping tabs on U.S. "aid" programs in this hemisphere. The *Report* appears ten times a year, and runs 32 pages an issue. A typical issue contains two or three medium length articles, plus reviews and bibliographies. Subscriptions are $10 a year for individuals (less for longer terms and more for institutions). Write NACLA East, Box 57 Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025, or NACLA West, Box 226, Berkeley, Ca. 94701.

There are other newsletters covering three individual Latin American countries–Chile, Brazil, and Guatemala. These three publications concentrate more on the internal affairs of the respective countries, stressing short (2-3 page) reports on the seemingly endless cycle of resistance and repression, and the U.S. role in all that. Although they are fairly brief, all three newsletters are solid in content and attractive in format–none of your sloppy Sixties movement pamphlet style. They're first rate sources on current events in the three countries.

The *Chile Newsletter* and the *Guatemala Report* both run four to six pages an issue–the Guatemala paper comes out 3 times a year, the Chile paper 9 times annually. The *Brazilian Information Bulletin* is longer 20 pages an issue–and publishes quarterly. *Guatemala Report* costs $3 a year for individuals, $5 for institutions. Write: American Friends of Guatemala, Box 2283, Station A, Berkeley, Ca. 94702. *Chile Newsletter* asks $10 for a sustaining subscription, $3 for a regular, and $2 for a low income subscription. Write Non-Intervention in Chile, Box 800, Berkeley, Ca. 94701. *Brazilian Information Bulletin* costs $3 a year for individuals, $5 for institutions (air mail rates are higher). Write American Friends of Brazil, P.O. Box 2279, Station A, Berkeley, Ca. 94702.

By the way, an international Bertrand Russell Tribunal is holding hearings in Europe this spring on repression in Brazil. Modelled on the famous Russell War Crimes Tribunal on Vietnam held in the late Sixties, this tribunal will inquire into the systematic program of political imprisonment, torture, and murder being carried on by the Brazilian government. Since the fall coup, repression in Chile has been added to the agenda. A conference on the same topic is being held in Madison, Wisconsin, April 4-6. For information about the Russell Tribunal, write COFFLA-CARIB (which stands for Common Front For Latin America and Committee Against Repression In Brazil), Box 426, Hyattsville, Md. 20782. On the Madison Conference, write CALA (Community Action on Latin America), 731 State St., Madison, Wisconsin 53703 or call 608-251-3241.

[AFRICA]

There's a good, comprehensive magazine called *Southern Africa,* that covers news events in that part of the world. It's a wide-ranging magazine, reporting on South Africa, the Portuguese colonies, Swaziland, and Zimbabwe, and has sections on the U.S. and Southern Africa, the role of International Organizations in the area, plus short news items and book reviews. Again, the focus is on news of repression and resistance, rather than analysis. *Southern Africa* does an especially good job on reporting and excerpting news of the region from the foreign (African and European) press. It comes out ten times a year, runs 34 pages an issue, and costs $5 a year for individuals, $15 for institutions. Write Southern Africa Committee, 244 West 27th Street, Fifth floor, New York, N.Y. 10001.

[TRANSLATIONS]

People's Translation Service specializes in translations of articles of interest to the Left. They're especially useful to newspapers and magazines, but are also handy for individuals wanting to keep up with the overseas press. PTS publishes a twice weekly foreign news service, *Newsfront/International,* and a monthly features service with translations of newspaper and magazine articles. They are especially strong on European and Latin American publications. (Their latest translation for *Ramparts* was the interview with Sartre in the February issue.) Rates for individuals are $12 for a half year of *Newsfront/International* alone, or $18 for a half year of *Newsfront* plus the feature service. Higher rates for media and institutions, depending on the type of operation. Write People's Translation Service, 2490 Channing Way, Berkeley, Ca. 94704.

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc. should be addressed to The Almanac, RAMPARTS *magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, Ca. 94704.*

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A Tax Guide for the Rest of Us

If you can't give your papers to the National Archive...

Swift said it: "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent." If so, that appears to be about the only tax being paid these days by Citizen Nixon and Citizen Reagan. The less eminent among us of course pay a bit more. Noting that 1040 time is again upon us, what follows are a few simple hints to guide you in the preparation of your tax return. These tips are confined to the strictly legal, for a simple reason: tax cheating is highly dangerous, and for little folk, rarely worth the risk.

General Advice. Assuming that you want to pay, at most, the minimum taxes required of you, and that like most everyone else in the land, you will be stretching the spirit of the law while yet honoring its letter, you must be selective where you do your stretching. *You must never, no never, conceal income.* Our IRS informants report that nigh onto 99 percent of tax evasion cases are brought against income secreters. Inflating deductions is both more common and more easily forgiven by the IRS's legion of agents: witness a recent deduction for "personal papers." Next: spend some time preparing your tax return, because the savings are worth it, and once you learn the tricks, the harvest will be reaped in each successive year. If you can't bring any enthusiasm or confidence to the task, and if you are earning $10,000 a year or more, hie yourself hence to an accountant or lawyer and pay the $50 or so fee. Avoid the $5 tax preparers for they know nothing, and a lot of ignorance is a dangerous thing.

Capitalizing on Baby Sister. Beginning last year, working parents and guardians can deduct the costs of caring for dependants. To qualify, you must work at least 3/4 time during the month you claim the deduction and the dependant must be a child under 15, or a spouse or other dependant who is physically or mentally incapable of self-care. You must also be maintaining a household—paying 50 percent or more of the rent, groceries, utilities, taxes and insurance of the household. Deductible expenses are limited to $400 a month, and to get it that high you need three or more dependants under care. One kid gets you a maximum of $200, and you cannot hire granny or any other close relative.

If you think you might qualify for this deduction, add up what you paid for housekeepers, nursery schools, transportation, babysitters, day camp, etc., and then check out the fine print in a tax manual (Lasser's "Your Income Tax" [$2] is good, as is the book the IRS publishes called "Your Federal Income Tax"). You will need form 2441, not in the package of forms sent you by the IRS.

"C" Stands for Cottage. Schedule C is not included in that little package of forms they sent you, but is easily obtained by a phone call to your local IRS office. This form is used for professional and business income and expense, including little cottage industries which are often nothing more than disguised hobbies. The rich use this form to write off their Bahaman vacations, hobby farms and other fictions, and the poor can more modestly use this form to write off the *lumpen* equivalents—pottery, weaving, writing, research, whatever.

Since business losses are deducted from gross income, rather than simply taken as deductions by those who itemize their deductions, business losses are especially valuable to little taxpayers who take the standard ten percent deduction and do not itemize. If that's confusing, read it again.

What's a business and what's a hobby? There are two tests: you must have *intended* to make a profit from the activity, and you must actually *make* a profit in two out of every five years. If this is a new business, odds are you can lose money for awhile without causing the IRS computer to tilt, but be prepared a few years down the line to have your business losses thrown out if you should be audited. Your intentions may be inferred by your conduct of the business, and doing such things as getting a state resale license, selling a few pieces of your work or your time, printing some letterhead stationary, etc. is all to the good. If you decide that you qualify as a businessperson, pick up Schedule C, buy a copy of Lasser, turn to page 52, and invite your neighbors in. You will be amazed and delighted with the variety of things that can and are deducted by your fellows in the business community: entertainment, travel, gifts, employee recreation. On the other hand, if yours was strictly a hobby, you do not qualify to sup at this table.

Wage Slave Quarters. Most any expense that your job required of you, and your boss did not reimburse you for, is eligible for deduction. Since these deductions come off your gross income, they are usable by taxpayers who do not have enough deductions to itemize them (that is, those who take the ten percent standard deduction). A favorite candidate is that room in your house which you use as an office. To qualify, your boss must require you to use your home for business purposes, but this does not mean that you need do anything more than use a room as an office for yourself. The calculation is fairly simple: determine what percentage this room is to the total living space of your house or apartment, and apply that percentage to the actual costs of rent, utilities, and casualty insurance premiums, housepainting, maintenance. If you use the space, say, half-time, divide your answer in half and claim that as a deduction. Use form 2106.

Bad Debts. These are deductible, up to a total of $1,000 per year. The debt need not be related to business in any way—it can be a loan to your brother-in-law (but not to your children, for the IRS narrows its eyes on those). The test of whether there really was a debt that went bad will include some evidence that a debt actually existed,

by Robert Kaldenbach

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rather than a gift—such things as as IOU or promissory note signed by the defaulting debtor. Next you should be prepared to explain why the debt had some value at the beginning of 1973 (if it's an old debt) and why it lost that value during the year 1973. The debt is bad if there is no likelihood that you can collect on it ever. It is not necessary that you sue the person that took your hard-earned money, so long as you are reasonably sure that getting a judgement would do you no good, since he/she has nothing to seize in payment of the debt to you. Bad debts are written off using Schedule D.

Political Contributions. In what now seems a futile and ironic gesture, the Congress passed a law permitting you to deduct paltry contributions to political campaigns, or to take a credit against the taxes you will pay (that bottom-line figure on form 1040). Unless you made a handsome income last year, at least $15,000, you are better off taking the credit rather than listing your contribution among your itemized deductions. The limit is $25 on a joint return, $12.50 on a single return, and if called upon to prove your credit, you will be expected to have a written receipt. Fund-raising dinner tickets qualify, and you can have given the money to most any committee, national, state, local, Left, Right, crazy. Also, you may designate $2 of your taxes to be paid over to the Presidential Election Committee, which will split it up among the parties.

Acts of God and Other Blessings. The list of deductible casualty losses runs from Avalanche to Zyclone, via smog, shipwreck, mugging and unusual quarry-blast. There is a $100 exclusion per disaster, and the law says you must be able to prove the loss, though in the case of a theft, that does not necessarily require you to file a police report or insurance claim. Shrubbery damaged by freeze, drought, or insecticide all qualify, if the value of your property (you must own it) is decreased as a result. Stolen cars, bicycles, TVs, dogs and other favorite choices of vandals are all eligible. If it's a big loss, you need to fill out form 4684; if it's petty, try plugging it in under the section on Schedule A&B, which is in your little package of forms.

Small Change. Here are a few smaller items not to be overlooked. Remember, the marginal tax rate, at the bottom of the income ladder, is *fourteen percent* (14%) and that every $100 in deductions that you can find saves you $14. I know, I know, the oil companies only pay two percent in taxes, but they can afford real tax advice, and can afford to buy themselves some decent taxbreak legislation as well.

Clothes can be taken as a deduction under the severe restriction that the clothes must be used exclusively for your work, and not be suitable for general daily wear. If so qualified, you can claim as deductible not only the cost of such clothing, but also laundry and drycleaning. This one sounds like a deduction that skirts the edge of acceptability, with a number of cases being tried in tax court, and decisions falling both ways. Use Schedule A, in your tax package.

Magazine subscriptions, books. If required by your job or profession, these may be written off and professional musicians can deduct the costs of sheet music, arranger's fees, instrument depreciation and performance clothing.

Last and least, you may deduct watch repair if you use it on your job (is there anyone who doesn't?) and may deduct the cost of getting someone to help you prepare your income tax return. (That will be $10, please.) And of course you may deduct the cost of this copy of RAMPARTS that you are reading. If bought on the newsstand, it cost you $1, by subscription it probably averaged 75¢.

That about does it. For those of you itemizing your deductions (Schedules A and B) rather than taking the easy way and lopping off ten percent, here is a table giving you estimates of the average actual deductions taken by taxpayers in 1968, adjusted upward by 20 percent to allow for inflation. From this you can get some idea of what is considered "normal" by the IRS when their computer scans your tax return. Chances are that if your deductions resemble these, you will be less likely to be selected to endure the trial-by-audit ritual for which the IRS is so widely feared.

Record-keeping is the *sine qua non* of the successful taxpayer. Not only can you fend off the thrusts of a rapacious and politicized IRS, in the most unlikely event of an audit, but perhaps more importantly, you will not have to worry in the six years ahead (during which they retain the right to audit). Not only should you have receipts for larger contributions and deductions for travel, casualty losses, childcare, but where there are no receipts, you should be able to show how you made your estimates that you wrote into the tax return itself.

Nothing elaborate is needed, and one easy method is simply to have a worksheet where you write down the calculations that led you to the totals that are copied onto the forms. Where trips, losses and childcare is claimed, you should try to reconstruct the approximate dates of these, and put them into the worksheet. File this worksheet with your copy of your tax return, and hang onto them for at least a half-dozen years. When preparing the tax return itself, do not write in a lot of marginal explanations of how you arrived at the figures there, unless the instructions clearly call for your filling out either an additional supporting form, or supplying an explanation on an accompanying piece of plain paper.

Good luck, and keep your head down.

Your Income From Line 18, Form 1040	Amounts You Can Deduct, on Schedule A, for			
	Contributions	Medical & Dental	Interest	Taxes
$ 5,000-$ 6,000	$250	$380	$400	$400
6,000- 7,000	250	360	480	480
7,000- 8,000	270	360	550	550
8,000- 9,000	285	340	610	610
9,000- 10,000	310	350	680	675
10,000- 15,000	350	325	810	880
over 15,000	Get yourself a tax accountant			

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RADICAL ECONOMISTS

(From page 30)

kind of confidence and trust which a leader of a department must possess." Under these exceptional circumstances, the provost of the University decided to appoint Dean Alfange to the position of acting head of the Economics Department.

Following this action, Alfange approached the Department and requested that a committee be established to assist him during his period as acting head. Again the Department was badly split even by these requests, and, amazingly, voted not to establish a Personnel Committee to supervise recruitment for 1972-73. It also refused to even appoint an informal advisory committee to the Dean. However, the appointment of Alfange by the provost was not a selection of a weak-kneed caretaker interested in reconciliation at any cost. "Having found myself thrust into the position," says Alfange, "I resolved to act vigorously in the area of recruitment in order to dispel the possible image of this Department as one so riven by internal disagreement that it could not move forward."

Alfange links what he was trying to accomplish at U. Mass. with what Galbraith had failed to achieve at Harvard. "My experience with certain personnel issues in the Department over the past couple of years," said Alfange, "has satisfied me—although I know others involved would conscientiously contend for differing interpretations—that what was occurring was a manifestation of what John Kenneth Galbraith described in his AEA presidential address in December as a 'new despotism,' which 'consists in defining scientific excellence as whatever is closest in belief and method to the scholarly tendency of the people who are already there. This is a pervasive and oppressive thing not the less dangerous for being, in the frequent case, both self-righteous and unconscious.' Because of this, I had no doubt that the Department needed to be broadened and balanced in order to reflect more widely the professional views that are held in the discipline at large."

It is with Alfange's appointment as acting head of Economics for 1972-73 that the wayward trail of Harvard's radical economic exiles came to the town of Amherst. As often happens in the small circles of American academia, people tend to meet and think it such a "coincidence." Before long, Sam Bowles, then on a one year visiting professorship at the University's Labor Center, met Dean Alfange, and a coincidence of significant proportions was soon to develop. Nothing much happened at first. But as winter came on Bowles let it be known in Amherst that if things turned black at Harvard, he would be glad to come to the University of Massachusetts.

A subtle hint was all that was needed. The previous spring, the University had received a big black eye in the college presses of the valley for the Best case, which was viewed as an attempted political firing. Alfange was interested in changing this image. Unlike Harvard, the dean was committed to diversity which included radical economics on more than a token scale. Alfange was interested if Bowles was.

When the Bowles' appointment went down to defeat at Harvard, his supporters decided that what they could not win at home, they would win elsewhere. "Harvard's loss will be their gain," said Galbraith. Bowles at this point suggested to Alfange the possibility of a group of well-known radical economists joining the faculty at the University of Massachusetts. Bowles pointed out that one of the greatest obstacles to the development of radical scholarship in economics was that academics interested in its development were scattered and isolated from fellow colleagues.

Within a fortnight Alfange had received a stunning series of recommendations for prospective candidates. He got letters and telephone calls from four past presidents of the AEA (one of whom had won the Nobel Prize for economics, another who would receive the same award within the year), a former editor of the *American Economic Review,* and several other well known names in the discipline. They all certified that, although the candidates they proposed were indeed radical, they were highly qualified and competent economists. They all strongly urged Alfange to make the appointments.

And so it came to be, in the words of James Kindahl, that the "Radical Package" was created. Alfange was quickly accused of usurping the rights and powers of the Department. But to Alfange these accusations were extravagant and ill-founded, and he defended himself in a long and powerfully worded memorandum to members of the Department: "It seemed to me impossible," he wrote, "for the Department to continue to remain insensitive to the ferment taking place within the discipline of economics, in which a substantial number of economists—including some of the most prestigious members of the profession—were challenging the dominant neo-classical paradigm and calling into question the ability of the profession utilizing that paradigm adequately to deal with many of the most urgent social problems in the nation and the world."

"It is hardly for me," he continued, "to argue that the alternative Marxian paradigm of the 'radical' economists is sound and potentially fruitful, and to seek to add 'radicals' on that premise. However, it is equally inappropriate to seek to exclude the proponents of that paradigm from appointment in the Department on the premise that their approach is demonstrably unsound. As James Tobin explained to me, it is not clear whether the 'radicals' can devise the tools adequate to the task of coming to grips with the social problems of which they wish to work, but, on the other hand, it is manifest that conventional economists have as yet been unable to devise tools adequate to this task.

Alfange enjoyed substantial support from Department members who were glad to see previously non-existent or weak areas being strengthened. Several appointments were made that had no relation to the famous "package." "Some people express fear that one orthodoxy would be replaced by another," says Alfange. "But our intention is to build diversity and quality. We will have filled our long standing gaps in macroeconomics and monetary economics with excellent appointments, we will have added some very promising younger economists in applied fields, and we will have brought in a group of 'radical' economists who are, by general agreement, the very best representatives of that school of economists in the United States."

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In the end, five radical economists were hired, joining a faculty of about 30: Sam Bowles, Herbert Gintis, Richard Edwards, Stephen Resnick, and Richard Wolff. The first three are from Harvard and the last two are from Yale. All but Edwards, who had recently completed his Ph.D., were given tenure.

[YALE: GIVING AN INCH]

Driving up from New York, one meets the junction of the two roads at New Haven, Connecticut. A right fork will take you along I-95 to Boston, Cambridge, and of course Harvard. A left fork will take you on I-91 to Amherst and the University of Massachusetts. If you take neither turn, you can stop in New Haven, and visit Yale University.

Yale, in order not to be left out of the vintage year 1972-73 in American economic history, came up with its own internal tussle over none other than that long dead but haunting annoyance to the status-quo–Karl Marx. The Yale story is neither as complicated nor as bitter as the other two. People at Yale believe in fighting battles without sharp weapons. The tolerance of Yale's administration does not derive from a philosophy of peaceful co-existence, but rather from a tradition which holds that, other than football, no big fight is worth it.

The gentle difficulties of the Yale Economics Department began in 1970. Without any apparent reason, the 1970 class of first-year graduate students sprouted an inordinate number of radical economists. Joined by several younger faculty members, the students began a number of independent study groups to read *Capital* and subsidiary texts. While pursuing their own self-education, the students asked the Department to offer a number of courses where the problems of imperialism, underdevelopment, Marxian economics, and the history of economic thought could be studied on a formal basis. The students also urged the Department to hire interested and competent faculty to teach these areas not only in the immediate future but also for the long run.

In the fall of 1971, a course in the History of Economic Thought was offered for the first time in seven years. No new faculty were hired because a very competent third-year graduate student was persuaded to teach the course. A seminar was also offered on the undergraduate level in Marxian economics. In the characteristic Yale manner, problems were being solved by giving an inch instead of a yard.

After persistent prodding on faculty recruitment, the Department chairman in the spring of 1971 solicited an application from one of the Harvard group for the post of associate professor. The applicant submitted all the required documents, and was told he would know by early the next fall. After months of postponement and departmental dilly-dallying, he was finally informed that, although the Department had voted to appoint him, some obscure senior University committee had rejected their recommendation. No clear explanation was given to the applicant or the students who had asked that he be invited to apply. It was Christmas by the time the news was known and no one seemed to have the energy to push the point. Nevertheless, the incident was remembered among the students.

At the end of the spring term in 1972, David Levine, the graduate student who had taught the course on Marx and the History of Thought, left New Haven for a year. With no official course being offered, 75 students showed up at a meeting to organize their own study groups. Under a loophole in Yale administrative rules, many were able to gain credit by designating their work a tutorial and finding a sympathetic faculty member to supervise. Very soon some eyebrows were raised in the Yale dean's office about 40 tutorials in the same subject within the same Department. If there were so many tutorials, why was there not a course? And as if by magic, there suddenly was a course where there had been none before. The Department's embarrassment was quickly obscured in administrative detail.

In the winter of '72, a series of meetings began between student representatives and the Search Committee responsible for recruitment to the Economics Department. The following spring Yale appointed David Levine to the position of assistant professor. As a graduate student, Levine had taught the subjects before. He had won respect for his scholarship and his aversion to fruitless polemic. Yet never before had the appointment to the post of assistant professor been so widely debated and scrutinized within the Economics Department. For Yale, the momentary cost of solving the problem was very small. Levine's appointment, unlike the cases at Harvard and U. Mass., did not involve the question of tenure.

One characteristic common to all three schools was brought out in a sidelight to the Yale story. Chairman Merton Peck of the Yale Economics Department had repeatedly expressed to students his difficulty in finding a "competent" Marxist to teach the courses they asked for. The competency issue stirred a hornets' nest every place it was raised. To some it provoked memories of the chairman of Stanford's Sociology Department in the 1950s who, in response to a suggestion that C. Wright Mills be offered a professorship, said: "But Mills is not a sociologist, he is a Marxist." At Harvard, Galbraith had said: "Competency is always a disguise for something else."

In early 1971, Peck had written to Paul M. Sweezy inviting him to give a graduate seminar in Marxian economics. Sweezy declined the offer and in a letter to Peck stated that he believed there was a larger issue involved. He pointed out that current difficulties could be solved, if the practice of university departments consistently dropping younger qualified Marxists from their staffs was changed.

"Every generation of graduate students includes a by-no-means insignificant number of Marxists," Sweezy wrote to Peck. "But with very few exceptions they are dropped from the academic world before acquiring tenure. And the exceptions for the most part find it prudent to keep their ideology separate from their teaching and research. . . . That this situation creates problems for college and university administrators is obvious, and it seems to me that they have no one but themselves to blame.

"Under the circumstances, I have asked myself what my own responsibilities are," the letter continued. "Should I stand ready, as far as possible, to lend a helping hand by responding favorably to a growing

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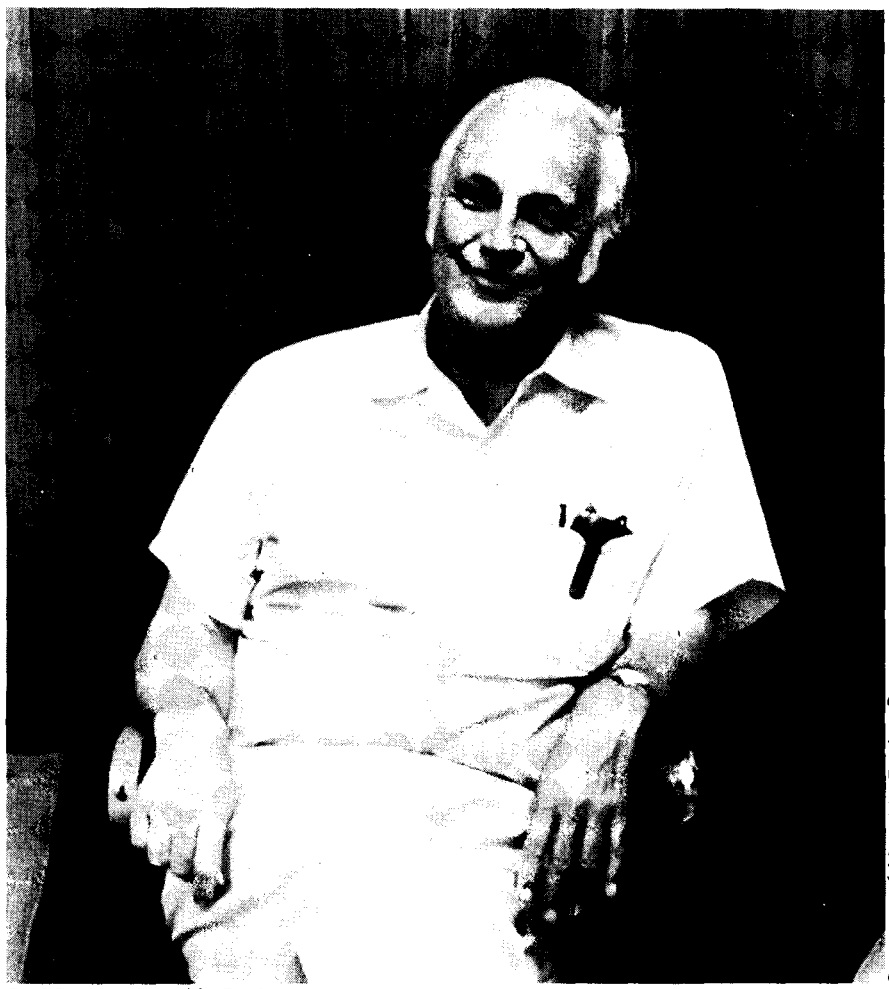

Courtesy of Monthly Review Press

Paul Sweezy, Monthly Review

number of invitations to give lectures or courses in Marxian economics? Or should I, by refusing to follow this course, do what I can to impress upon the academic authorities that if they want to satisfy their student demands in this area, it is up to them to encourage younger Marxists and to keep them on their faculties?" The common characteristic was that what the departments claimed they could not find, more often than not, they already had.

[UNIVERSITY OF MONTHLY REVIEW]

In nearly every discussion concerning the position of Marxian economics within the United States, the name of Paul Sweezy is raised with prominence and respect. He edits a monthly journal which has been referred to as the "most famous unknown magazine of America," the *Monthly Review*. When Ned O'Gorman, the poet and critic, returned from a State Department trip to Latin America in 1964, he wrote in *The National Catholic Reporter:* "The *Monthly Review*'s editors, Huberman and Sweezy, Edgar Allen Poe, Walt Whitman, and JFK are the Americans I hear most spoken of in South America." The *Wall Street Journal*, in noting the importance of the journal, called Sweezy "the 'Dean' of radical economics."

Albert Einstein wrote in the lead article of *Montly Review*'s first issue, "I consider the founding of this magazine to be an important public service. . . . Clarity about the aims and problems of socialism is of greatest significance in our age of transition." And according to *Business Week*, the magazine represents "a brand of socialism that is thorough-going and tough-minded, drastic enough to provide the sharp break with the past that many left-wingers in the underdeveloped countries see as essential. At the same time they maintain a sturdy independence of both Moscow and Peking. . . . Their analysis of the troubles of capitalism is just plausible enough to be disturbing." One radical economist, when asked where he had done his academic training, responded "At the only school that counts—The University of Monthly Review."

The first issue of *Monthly Review* appeared in May 1949 and, besides the article by Albert Einstein ("Why Socialism?"), included pieces by New Deal economist Otto Nathan and editors Paul Sweezy and Leo Huberman. Over the next 24 years its list of contributors read like a "Who's Who" of that generation's leftist intellectuals: Paul Baran, G. D. H. Cole W. H. Ferry, Jean-Paul Sartre, Edgar Snow, I. F. Stone, Anna Louise Strong, R. H. Tawney, Henry Wallace, William Appleman Williams, and later C. Wright Mills, among others.

Sweezy was 39 when he began the magazine with Leo Huberman. But unlike Huberman, his family background was rooted in the American upper class. His father was a Wall Street banker and Sweezy himself was educated at all the exclusive schools—Exeter, Harvard, and London School of Economics. He did his Ph.D. at Harvard under Joseph Schumpeter, one of the most important economists of the century. Between 1934 and 1942 Sweezy taught at Harvard and worked for various New Deal agencies. When the war came, he joined the Research and Analysis Branch of the Office of Strategic Services with other scholars such as William Langer, Herbert Marcuse, and Edward Mason, later dean of Harvard's Littauer School of Public Administration. Sweezy wryly remembers the days in the CIA's infant forerunner: "We did strictly office stuff. The OSS was really the Oh So Social Group."

In 1945 he returned to civilian life with two and a half years on his Harvard contract. Despite Schumpeter's powerful backing, it became clear that his political antagonists within the Department would not let him receive tenure. With the Cold War approaching, unconventional thinkers had to find new homes.

Under Harvard's "up or out" system, as it is called, Sweezy, seeing there was no way "up," decided to live and study at a family farm in New

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Hampshire. About this time, he began thinking of the need for an independent leftist magazine which would develop the flagging cause of socialist thought in America. In 1948, his friend F. O. Matthiessen, a literary critic, inherited a substantial fortune. He offered $5,000 a year for three years to Sweezy and Huberman to begin the journal. And in May 1949 "the most famous unknown magazine" began publication.

The early years were not easy ones at *Monthly Review*. Under the darkening shadows of the Truman Doctrine, the Korean War, and Joe McCarthy, the American Left witnessed an almost total disintegration. Where once there were plenty of friends when you needed them, they were now few and far between. Huberman was brought before McCarthy's Internal Security Sub-committee to answer questions about his books. He refused. Sweezy was called before the New Hampshire anti-subversive squad, interrogated about his connections to the Progressive Party, and asked to hand over the texts of lectures he had given in the state. He declined and a judge cited him for contempt of court. He would have gone to jail except for the intervention of the Supreme Court in New Hampshire, which allowed him bail. The case finally reached the U.S. Supreme Court where, in a landmark decision, the contempt citation was dismissed.

Sweezy's reputation was first established with the publication of his *Theory of Capitalist Development* in 1942. In 1971 Cambridge University invited him to give the prestigious Marshall Lectures. However he is best known for his book *Monopoly Capital* –an essay on the American economic and social order, written with Stanford University's late Paul Baran. It has been translated into nine languages. The two men had been friends and colleagues since Baran arrived in the United States in 1939. Until his death in 1964, Paul Baran was the only Marxist economist holding tenure at a leading American university.

Yet for some people in America, even one was too many. When Baran returned from a trip to Cuba in 1960, he gave a number of lectures about his journey. He reported that the rural population in Cuba had been "driven to revolt" by an "increasingly insufferable state of poverty and backwardness to which it was condemned by the old order." During the Bay of Pigs Invasion, Baran denounced American policy, claiming that "American capitalism, cornered, threatened, and frightened, may be incapable of leaving the rest of the world alone without so slamming the door that the entire building collapses." Neither Baran's remarks nor his underlying politics sat very well with a number of Stanford's most influential alumni.

Courtesy of Stanford Univ.

Paul Baran, Stanford University

[STANFORD: ONE TOO MANY]

It was known around Stanford in 1961 that complaints were being brought by alumni. Baran himself claimed that pressures were being exerted to discourage him from staying at the University. But no hard evidence emerged; questions about whether Baran had been pressured by the University's Administration because of his political views remained unanswered long after his death. Then, in 1971, Stanford experienced what one resident called a "mini-Pentagon Papers" incident. The University's confidential "Baran File" had been secretly removed from a locked room in the school's archives. Whoever Stanford's Ellsberg was, he or she sent xeroxes of the file to local newspapers. The *Stanford Daily* broke the story in December 1971.

The file contained numerous letters and memos from alumni insisting that the Administration of President Wallace Sterling take action against Baran for treason and subversive statements. The file also documented the careful efforts by administrators to calm wealthy alumni, while little or no effort was made to defend Baran's right to remain on the faculty. A Los Angeles Superior Court judge wrote to President Sterling warning that a friend had threatened to rewrite his will because of Baran. The angry man's

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will "provides that something in the neighborhood of a million dollars will go to Stanford upon his death." In another letter, a former Texaco executive reminded President Sterling that his company had given Stanford a gift of $10,000 the previous year. Since then, he wrote, the Cuban Government had seized Texaco properties worth $50 million. He suggested that future contributions might not be forthcoming unless something was done about "a professor who glories [sic] a sworn enemy of the United States and a robber of one of the University's benefactors."

Stanford's president was sufficiently concerned about important alumni reaction to Baran's remarks on Cuba that he held a special luncheon to discuss the issue. The file documents contain a guest list for the luncheon held on March 6, 1961 at the elite Pacific Union Club in San Francisco. Those attending included top executives from Transamerica Corp., Standard Oil of California, and California Casualty Indemnity Exchange. Baran's position became so sensitive that even David Packard, who was later to become Nixon's deputy secretary of defense, saw fit to involve himself in the case. Packard, then a Stanford trustee, in a letter intended for the school's newspaper, proposed that Baran's salary "be reduced proportionate to the amount which can clearly be identified as having come from sources other than Capitalism." The letter, however, never appeared in print. In a memo accompanying a copy of Packard's letter, Presidential Assistant Frederick Glover wrote President Sterling, "I'm sure glad he didn't send it." There are several other paragraphs, he said, "which would have blown the place wide open."

For the moment, one University official wrote of Baran, "We must suffer him" until he proves an incompetent teacher "or does something which would warrant termination of his employment on other grounds." Provost Terman added in another letter: "The evidence to prove that Professor Baran is engaged in unscholarly activities in the classroom is not sufficient for the Administration to take punitive action. This is the critical point. To press for such action on insufficient evidence would risk much greater damage." But according to the University's alumni relations official, Donald Carlson: "I doubt if he [Baran] enjoyed the harassment he has received because of it [his Cuba comments]. Shortly after that speech he had a serious heart attack."

Another document in the "Baran File," meant for internal administrative reference only, substantiated Baran's claim to Sweezy that his salary had been frozen. In 1956 Baran was the fourth-highest paid member of the senior faculty in economics. In 1964, the year of his death, he was the lowest paid. Less than a year before his second and fatal heart attack he wrote Sweezy, "For next year I got a teaching load that is about twice as large as that of my 'peers,' with pay of about 60 percent of theirs, and all this with a broad grin: 'look at us, how democratic and free and tolerant we are!' The President observed that there are no complaints about my teaching or 'scholarship,' but my utterances in public are 'irresponsible.' I asked to be given samples of 'irresponsible' statements. If the word means mendacious or incoherent or outside the realm of reasonable discourse, I would like to see any such statements cited with chapter and verse. If the word means 'not in agreement with *his* views,' I would appreciate having this spelled out. . . . But all this is for the birds; he *wants* badly to squeeze me out of here; and I would be delighted to go because my nerves won't stand it much longer but where to go and how? . . . If it weren't for Nicky [Baran's son], I would quit literally tomorrow; I would eke out $100 a week to keep body and soul together and rather do that than have to tolerate those bastards spitting into my face all the time. But how can I leave the little chappy, and how can I take him along into nothingness?"

Considering Baran's background, particularly in government service during the Second World War, it would not seem that he, much less anyone, warranted such treatment. From having been 'persona non grata' to the Stalinist government in the USSR to the extent the Russians denied him a visa to visit his dying mother in 1950, Baran ten years later would similarly become an "unwelcome person" at Stanford University for criticizing America's role in Cuba, Vietnam, and the Third World. When the "Baran file" story broke in 1971, the *Stanford Daily* republished an editorial which had appeared ten years before. Entitled "Freedom of Dissent in American Society," it said, "When an alumnus wants to know why Stanford doesn't fire Baran, the University, in effect says, "We can't (. . . the University's constant references to tenure imply he would be fired if he didn't have it). The tragedy is not the personal one of Paul Baran. He realizes, perhaps better than anyone, the price that is paid for real, furious dissent in American society. That his choice has been what it is, is his own greatest tribute. The tragedy is our own."

[THEORY: BROAD AND NARROW]

What becomes clear from a report on political conflicts at Harvard, U. Mass., Yale, or Stanford is that at the bottom of it all there exist not just fundamentally different views of society, but even the ways in which society should be studied. Of all the academic disciplines, economics has become one of the most embattled, presumably because in theory it must explain some of the most basic changes in people's lives: their wages, their rent, the prices of their food, their poverty or their affluence, their unemployment, or the profits of their employers. To some economists, their subjects must explain much more than these issues. It must offer an understanding of why many men and women can see no point or purpose in their work; why a few persons have the power to hire and fire a worker while a worker often has little to say; and why race and ethnic divisions tend to divide people who seem to share a common economic interest.

On an even larger scale, the critics of the current orthodoxy say political economy must attempt to understand the forces behind the development of world history. Theory must in some way attempt to account for the rise of powerful nations, their economic dominance over others, and the wars they fight for hegemony. The failure to come up with the answers in a time of national crisis has brought about the current attack upon mainstream eco-

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nomics in the United States. When everything is rosy, no one asks. When times are hard, then many are asking "why."

"Most contemporary economists feel ill at ease with respect to big topics—national economic organization, interpretation of economic history, relations of economic and political power, origins and functions of economic institutions," says James Tobin of Yale and former adviser to John F. Kennedy. "The terrain is unsuitable for our tools. We find it hard to frame meaningful questions, much less to answer them."

For the post-war generation of economists, Tobin's admission is a significant one. It was not many years ago that more than a few American academics spoke so fluently about the "post industrial" society where not only had the "end of ideology" been achieved, but where also the "tools" had at last been mastered that would control and maintain a prosperous world economy led by the American dollar. Today there is more than doubt about the "meaningful questions." There is deep division over the method and theory by which answers are approached.

The distinction most often made between the main economic camps is the one between "neo-classical" and "Marxist" economists. This division, of course, ignores important and subtle conflicts between those others who identify themselves as Keynesians, neo-Keynesians, Cambridge "rebels," institutionalists, and neo-Marxists. But for those in the laity and not in the clergy, an understanding of the main distinction is most important.

According to Merton Peck, chairman of the Yale Economics Department, "Neo-classicals tend to think in much smaller terms, while Marxists have a much broader view." Identifying himself as a neo-classicist, Peck adds, "Like many neo-classical economists, I'm really a small thinker. I know more about the price of television sets than I do about the broad economic issues of the world."

For most of the American public these various issues of economic theory have maintained an overwhelming obscurity that is matched only by their genuine importance. But last spring the broth boiled out of the pot and spilled onto the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times*. In March the editors of the page began running a series of articles under the heading "Capitalism, for Better or Worse." The series continued for more than a month and included pieces by such economic bright lights as Paul Samuelson, Kenneth Arrow, and Wassily Leontief—all recipients of the Scandinavian prize endowed by Mr. Nobel's dynamite fortune.

On March 26th, in an article entitled "Somehow, It Has Overcome," Kenneth Arrow wrote in the *Times:* "The new economic ideas of Keynes and his disciples have been translated into policy with almost unprecedented speed. The idea that the state, through its decisions to spend, tax, and regulate the supply of money, could reduce unemployment to levels far lower than those in the depths of previous depressions was accepted among both economists and political leaders, and has shown itself to work in practice with great success. . . . Sophisticated radical economists, such as Paul Baran and Paul Sweezy, quickly recognized that the Keynesian solution would work but argued that in a capitalist system the government could spend enough to insure full employment only on socially wasteful and even destructive ends, such as war and preparations for war. . . There is little reason . . . to accept the Baran-Sweezy variation of the unemployment contradiction, though perhaps it is too soon to regard it as definitely controverted."

In an earlier piece entitled "Taking Stock of War," published in the *Times* on March 14, Paul Samuelson wrote: "We are almost 40 years into the Age of Keynes. I believe that Luxemburg and Lenin (and Hobson and Alvin Hansen) were right to worry about the sustainability of full employment in William McKinley's balanced-budget *laissez faire*. However, not a single mixed economy has had any problem these last 30 years with chronic insufficiency of purchasing power. . . Sweezy and Bowles know what Lenin and Luxemburg couldn't know—that the disease of cost-push inflation which is involved in stagflation has nought to do with insufficiency of domestic markets, and cold or hot-war escapades can do nothing to make it better."

Sweezy, who lives much closer to New York City than either Samuelson or Arrow in Cambridge, thought that since so much attention was being given to a critique of his thinking, he would shortly be asked by the *Times* to explain that position and his disagreement with Samuelson and Arrow. No such request ever arrived. Following the Samuelson article, Sweezy wrote a letter to Herbert Mitgang, an editor of the *New York Times'* Op-Ed page.

He stated in the letter that "since Paul Samuelson has undertaken to tell your readers what 'Sweezy and Bowles know,' . . . I wonder if you would be interested in having my version? I would like in particular to examine his astonishing statement that 'not a single mixed economy has had any problem these last 30 years with chronic insufficiency of purchasing power.' It seems to me that this is easily refutable." He added later, "I don't like being misrepresented, even out of ignorance."

Herbert Mitgang responded to Sweezy suggesting that he write a letter to the editor. In Sweezy's mind this hardly offered a comparable forum and in a final note to Mitgang said, "I asked if the Op-Ed page would be interested in having a piece presenting a point of view critical of Paul Samuelson's article 'Taking Stock of War.' . . . Your answer . . . avoids the question altogether."

Following Arrow's piece, where again Sweezy's position was taken as the central counterpoint in the discussion, Sweezy wondered "if I might not now get another letter from Mr. Mitgang, saying something like this: 'Since all the Nobel Prize economists seem to think your anti-capitalist ideas are the ones that have to be refuted, we have decided in the interests of presenting a rounded picture to the *New York Times* readers to invite you to write an Op-Ed article. . .' No such letter came, of course."

In an article entitled "Capitalism, For Worse" to be published in *Monthly Review,* Sweezy responds to the issues raised by Samuelson and Arrow. "Let us look for a moment at the U.S. record," he writes. "It is true that since World War II there have been no depressions comparable to that of the

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1930s. But is this because economists and political leaders have put their heads together and decided upon appropriate spending, tax, and monetary policies to head one off every time it threatened? Or is it because there has been a tremendous increase in the general level of government spending, with armaments and war playing by far the largest part? . . . To these questions our economist friends would reply that while for overriding political or foreign-policy reasons the requisite amount of government spending has in fact been for military purposes, if this had not been the case it would have been possible to spend a great deal more for welfare objectives, with much the same economic results. In their eyes, the theory of the controllability of the level of economic activity is therefore vindicated regardless of what the money is spent on.

"If this were really so, however," Sweezy continues, "would we not expect that the controllers, helped by the large military budget, would have had an easy time maintaining a reasonably satisfactory level of economic activity throughout the postwar period? Surely with 20 percent or more of the American people living below the officially defined poverty line and with such projects as decent low-cost housing, pollution control, and mass transportation crying out for vastly increased public outlays, there has never been any lack of worthy purposes for the controllers to turn their attention to. And yet it is a notorious fact that even in boom times, as at the time of writing in June 1973, officially counted unemployment amounts to five percent or more of the labor force. Taking facts like this into account, one could be pardoned for suspecting that the whole 'controllability' idea is a myth and that the military budget is after all the only rational explanation of the relatively (i.e. relatively to the 1930s) favorable economic record of the postwar period."

In support of his view, Sweezy cites a study which he and his *Monthly Review* colleague Harry Magdoff conducted in 1971. They calculated for the year 1970 the number of workers unemployed or directly and indirectly dependent on defense expenditures. They then contrasted the totals with the number of unemployed in 1938. Their "conservative" estimate was that the real unemployment rate in the recession year 1970 was 8.1 million or 9.4 percent of the labor force. This is significantly above the official rate for the period. However, most economists familiar with the problem recognize that there is a large discrepancy between real vs. officially counted unemployed. ("6 Pct. Is Only The Tip of the Iceberg," by A. H. Raskin, *New York Times*, June 25, 1972)

To their estimate of real unemployment they added those in the armed forces (2.9 million), civilian employees of the Defense Department (1.2 million), those directly engaged in producing supplies for the Defense Department (3 million), and workers involved in what economists call the multiplier effect—those "employed in satisfying the demand generated by the income of those directly employed by the military budget." This last figure was 7.1 million. All added together the categories totaled 22.3 million which represents 25 percent of the 1970 labor force. Sweezy contrasts this to the official unemployment figure for 1938 of 19 percent. He estimates that real unemployment for 1938, when a small number of defense related workers and the significant hidden unemployment of the time are added in, comes close to 30 percent. This compares with the defense-related figure of 25 percent arrived at for 1970.

"All of which leads to the conclusion," says Sweezy, "that apart from military spending, things were a bit better in 1970 than in 1938. But not much, and certainly nowhere near enough to sustain the thesis that the economists and politicians are in effective control of the economy."

[MORE SHOCKS AHEAD]

In 1963, one year before his death, Paul Baran said that the intellectual Marxist movement in America could "travel away in one taxicab." Ten years later that same taxi would have to run all night picking up customers, and the following day there would still be business. By official count the Union of Radical Political Economists, a national organization of predominantly young Left economists, had 1,500 members in 1973. "Not even during the New Deal could you have found so many radical economists in this country," says Harry Magdoff of *Monthly Review*.

Paul Samuelson and Otto Eckstein take a different view. They believe that radical economics and the Marxist renaissance which began in the last half of the Sixties is already in its decline. They link its development to the Vietnam War. As one becomes history, so, they believe, will the other. Whether Watergate or other problems will intercede to continue the process which the Vietnam War began for so many, they do not say.

Sam Bowles, however, thinks the country is in for more shocks. "Over our lifetime," he says, "there are going to be enormous strains in the advanced capitalist system to which the current body of economic theory and the current institutions of capitalism will be unable to address themselves. This is the reason why radical economics is going to grow. The system is going to continue to fail to solve the problems. Willy-nilly people are going to listen to us." He adds, with a modest reflection on possible reverses, "Even if they wipe us all out, the next day some young social scientist is going to scratch his head and say, "This sounds wrong."

Sweezy seems more cautious. He notes an interesting split among Left economists. "I don't believe," he says, "that most of those who call themselves 'radical economists' are (or even pretend to be) Marxists." The radicals, while frequently stressing the symptomatic evils of capitalist society such as inequality and racism, have tended to shy away from important questions of theory (i.e. capitalism's "laws of motion," etc.). And as Marxists are prone to point out, "Without theory, there can be no revolution."

"The 'radicals,' " says Sweezy, "want to deal with the larger social and historical questions, and since this puts them outside the pale of professional standards it is enough to brand them 'unscientific' and hence unfit for academic advancement. But in my opinion the radicals are poorly equipped to do what they like to do, with the result that a lot of their work is not of particularly high quality. In this sense they are vulnerable to the criticism of the orthodox wielders of

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academic power. By this I do not mean to imply that the latter would be any more impressed by first-rate work from a frankly Marxian standpoint."

Nevertheless, Sweezy does not fail to point out that among the "radicals" there are "by no means an insignificant number of *potential* Marxists who with proper encouragement would go on to study and master the field." In this regard, while many university administrators see the decline in campus activism as a trend toward more conservative thinking among students, Sweezy sees other aspects that may be potentially fruitful for the Left. "One aspect of the decline in campus activism," he says "is a growing interest in Marxist thought. For a long time the activists ignored theory. Now many of them have settled down to study."

For Galbraith, on the other hand, there has been no settling down. The battle goes on, and he claims that orthodoxy is clearly on the defensive. "Neo-classical economists," he says, "are like the covered wagons or the herds when they are attacked. They have turned with their heads together and their rumps out, seeking protection against the enemy."

And in the science that was once known as "dismal," this is how war is fought.

Lawrence S. Lifschultz was national coordinator of Concerned Asian Scholars, and is currently South Asia correspondent for Pacific News Service.

ENGLAND

(From page 37)

which would satisfy the modest claims of the miners. They have taken an uncompromising stand at the worst possible time for themselves, when the organization and morale in the trade union movement is strong enough to contemplate confrontation.

The Conservatives and most of the Labor Party would be delighted to see the trade union movement suffer a resounding defeat, an enforced retreat to the quietism of a decade ago. Undoubtedly many in the Conservative Party feel that they should give the working class a whiff of grape-shot à la Churchill. Others, mindful of the old saw, if you can't beat them, buy them, feel it would be better to pay off insurgent groups of workers and work out the bill later.

Both sides are playing the politics of bankruptcy. Labor says the country is bankrupt but won't be when it is in charge; the Conservatives say the country is not bankrupt but will be as soon as Labor takes the helm.

Meanwhile, that peaceful river which used to be called the British electorate is bursting its banks. Across the green meadow, past the vicarage gate, along the village streets, past the church with its clock at ten to three, into the grounds of the big house, trickles an uncertain tide.

No one knows where it will go. Ambitious Army officers, tumid with roast grouse, in mess halls of old England, may twitch in their sleep, and dream of saving the Constitution, of rallying vigorously to the aid of Queen and Country in the hour of trial. Hard-line Conservatives dream of stringent labor laws, no-strike laws, illegalization of "extremist sects." Bankers may dream of the successful export of their assets and their personal fortunes to some island in the sun. Labor Party ministers groan in their slumbers as they envision a hideous run on the pound the day they assume office, the collapse of the economy and the end of whatever dreams they may have had. Communists think of the long haul, the endless road. The Left groups denounce the Communists, dreaming of more members, new alliances, and general strikes.

Dreams and phantasms. British capitalism is not a dead duck yet and revolution is not just around the corner. But for the first time in over 40 years, most of the British people feel there is a crisis, and that it may be a terminal one for the present social disposition. The most popular British television program at the present time is the Colditz Story. This is the narrative saga of British prisoners of war (officers, mostly) who were imprisoned in Germany in a castle deemed escape proof by the Germans. Naturally, British ingenuity finds a way as the chaps outwit the Krauts, and struggle back to the old country.

But escape these days is a more complex matter than outwitting a few bone-headed Teutons. Many British capitalists think it will be a simple matter of paying off the miners and getting back to as much production as conditions permit. The small businessman, busy going broke during the three-day week, thinks more or less the same thing. It was Heath's supposition that the long term interest of the bourgeoisie demanded a confrontation. Thus he has had to face the enemy with divided forces, and many daggers sharpened for his back.

Wilson confronted the same problem: an opening to the Left, to accomodate the ultras, enragés, extremists, Leftists, unionists of all shades in his own ranks. He maintained a political posture horrific to his allies on the Right, in industry, in the financial sector, and in the middle classes who were prepared to countenance the later aversion to social democracy.

Behind them at their backs they hear the chariots drawing near. The *London Times* predicted starkly just after the February election was announced that Britain would have to borrow something like $30 billion in the course of the next Parliament. International bankers do not trust the Labor Party, however attenuated Labor's social policies may be. A run on the pound, agreed the *Times,* was likely the day Labor came into power. The *Times'* message was plain. Vote Conservative.

But a Conservative victory scarcely holds much appeal. No great good has come of their previous regimes. A gloomy past and a gloomy future for all. And some of the old ghosts, emerging from their rooms—the Red Menace, the dark forces of extremism—have lost the old power to terrify and to amaze. So volatile is a large portion of the electorate, so uncertain in its political instincts, that it seems, at last, as if we might be coming to one of those great divides which political soothsayers always presume to lie over the next ridge but one. We are not speaking of the romantic *folies* of Paris in 1968. The crisis which confronts Britain, which remains after the election just concluded and through the one which may yet come, will see many sorties and exits as Brother Compromise lectures the lads, Brother Headstrong councils firm action, and Father Muddlethrough goes through the old routines. What the miners brought to a head in February will not

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end this month or next. Let's remember once more, Empson's laconic parody of Auden.

Shall I build a tower, boys,
knowing it will rend
Crack upon the hour, boys,
waiting for the end?
Shall I pluck a flower, boys,
shall I save or spend?
All turns sour, boys,
waiting for the end.

Alexander Cockburn is an editor of New Left Review, *and writes for the* Village Voice.

R. D. LAING

(From page 26)

like air and water pollution, we have come to accept as the emblem of life in our time, our gray badge of endurance.

What seems to me to be implied inescapably by Laing's position, though he would surely reject this conclusion himself, if possible—is that freedom and self-realization have always been, and must remain, the concerns of an elite of some kind, self-defined by its very nature as an enemy of the people. If it is not to become merely another group, obsessed and corrupted by the demands of its own defense, then clearly it must be relatively invulnerable for reasons with which it need not concern itself too much from day to day. Wealth helps, but capitalism has done a superb job of defining wealth so that nobody ever seems sure he has enough and can keep it, especially in a state made fretful by an uneasy social conscience. The national conscience has enough to be fretful about, but humaneness derived from guilt is about as trustworthy as chastity imposed by gonorrhea. Neither is evidence of a change of heart.

If my reasoning is correct, demands for a just society, as social justice is now conceived, must continue to conflict very sharply with the demand for personal self-realization. It is currently fashionable to put down the "pot left" or "freak left" as a political embarrassment to true radicals, to argue that the counterculture is a drag to the revolution; that its hair and its egotism alienate the working class; that its "free schools" delay the kind of hard-nosed educational reform needed to lift children out of the ghetto and politicize their parents. All this is true; it is not inappropriate that a counterculture be counterrevolutionary. But the counterculture, counterrevolutionary or not, is in much deeper conflict with the dominant culture of our time, whether in East or West, than any current revolutionary movement conceived in political or military form.

This conflict, though profoundly political in its implications, is really metapolitical. It transcends politics, since the countercultural position perceives political action as alienating in itself. As, in Eliot's portrayal of him, Thomas à Becket came to understand:

Those who serve the greater cause
may make the cause serve them,
Still doing right: and striving with
political men
May make that cause political, not
by what they do,
But by what they are.

This is not to imply that men ought not to fight evil and social injustice. They very often must, but when they must, the price is their own objectification, their conversion—by their own consent but in ways they can seldom have anticipated or wholly accepted—into an instrument of social action.

Whatever his personal politics may be, the thrust of Laing's work, as well as much of its substance, has been the very stuff of the counterculture's vision. The old friend of Baba Ram Dass and Timothy Leary has never betrayed their joint ideal. It is finally no paradox, but a near classic example of the relationship between *yang* and *yin*, that Laing's prophetic insights into the political character of mental illness, and of experience, should have led him to a position from which politics itself can only be seen as absurd. The position is stated precisely by Laing himself, in the final paragraphs of his moving and fantastic essay *The Bird of Paradise:*

There is really nothing more to say when we come back to that beginning of all beginnings that is nothing at all. Only when you begin to lose that Alpha and Omega do you want to start to talk and to write, and then there is no end to it, words, words, words. At best and most they are perhaps in memoriam, *evocations, conjurations, incantations, emanations, shimmering, irridescent flares in the sky of darkness, a just still feasible tact, indiscretions, perhaps forgivable. . .*

City lights at night, from the air, receding, like these words, atoms each containing its own world and every other world. Each a fuse to set you off. . . . If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you I would let you know.

Edgar Z. Friedenberg is author of Coming of Age in America *and is working on a book called* Privilege, Bigotry, and Freedom. *He now lives in Canada and teaches at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The above will appear in his forthcoming book* R. D. Laing *(Viking Modern Masters Series).*

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STANLEY ARONOWITZ

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FALSE PROMISES is the first, startling look at the massive forces controlling the American worker; a bold, original view of the ethnic, psychological, historical, and sociological factors that have kept our work force divided, and dependent.

In a brilliant analysis of the American worker, from post-Civil War days through the rise and decline of the trade unions, Stanley Aronowitz shows why the working class remains submissive . . . why the radical movement has failed to bring workers together . . . what today's young workers want (it's *not* the traditional "bigger piece of the pie") . . . and why emerging new demands cannot be fulfilled under the capitalist system.

If the working class fails to make a break with the past, the future points toward increasing alienation. If this break is to be made, writes Aronowitz, it cannot result from working class "militancy alone, or simply from the ability of the ideological left to capture a large working class constituency. It will arise out of new conditions, rooted equally in new social relations and in the development of a conscious opposition culture generated by the workers themselves."

ARONOWITZ ON:

The American Worker: "American workers are no less anti-employer than any other working class in the world . . . But they are ideologically and culturally tied to the prevailing system of power, because until now it has shown the capacity to share its expansion with a large segment of the working class."

Trade Unions: "The modern labor agreement is the principal instrument of the class collaboration between the trade unions and the corporations. . . . Even the most enlightened trade union leader cannot fail to play his part as an element in the mechanisms of domination over workers' rights to spontaneously struggle against speedup or *de facto* wage cuts."

Mass Culture: "The significance of mass culture as a control mechanism has grown in proportion to the decline of neighborhood and family life, and its role has become important in maintaining the habits previously formed by traditional interaction processes. Yet the contradictory images of freedom and authority imposed by mass culture and schools both encourage and suppress 'deviant' political behavior."

The Decline of the Work Ethic: "Prior generations accepted the routine character of their labor as an inevitable price that must be paid for steady wages. They regarded the division of labor according to which skills were degraded and quantity replaced quality as the object of production as a part of the natural order of things. Drawing on the experience of equality encountered in play and friendship during an extended childhood, youth today enter labor with the rudiments of that alternate conception that makes traditional industrial discipline anathema."

About FALSE PROMISES

"A fascinating work of social history . . . Aronowitz has succeeded brilliantly in evoking the character of modern industrial society, combining the insights of a perceptive participant-observer in the labor movement with scholarship and analysis of a high order . . ."

—Noam Chomsky

"Working from an unusual experience of factory work, union leadership and academic involvement, Aronowitz has uniquely blended imaginative analysis and autobiography into a theory of working class behavior which is likely to agitate union officials and challenge received views on both the left and the right."

—Robert Lekachman

"Stanley Aronowitz succeeds marvellously in breaking the ritualized categories of the sociologists in this field and in revealing the ideological content and function of these categories." **—Herbert Marcuse**

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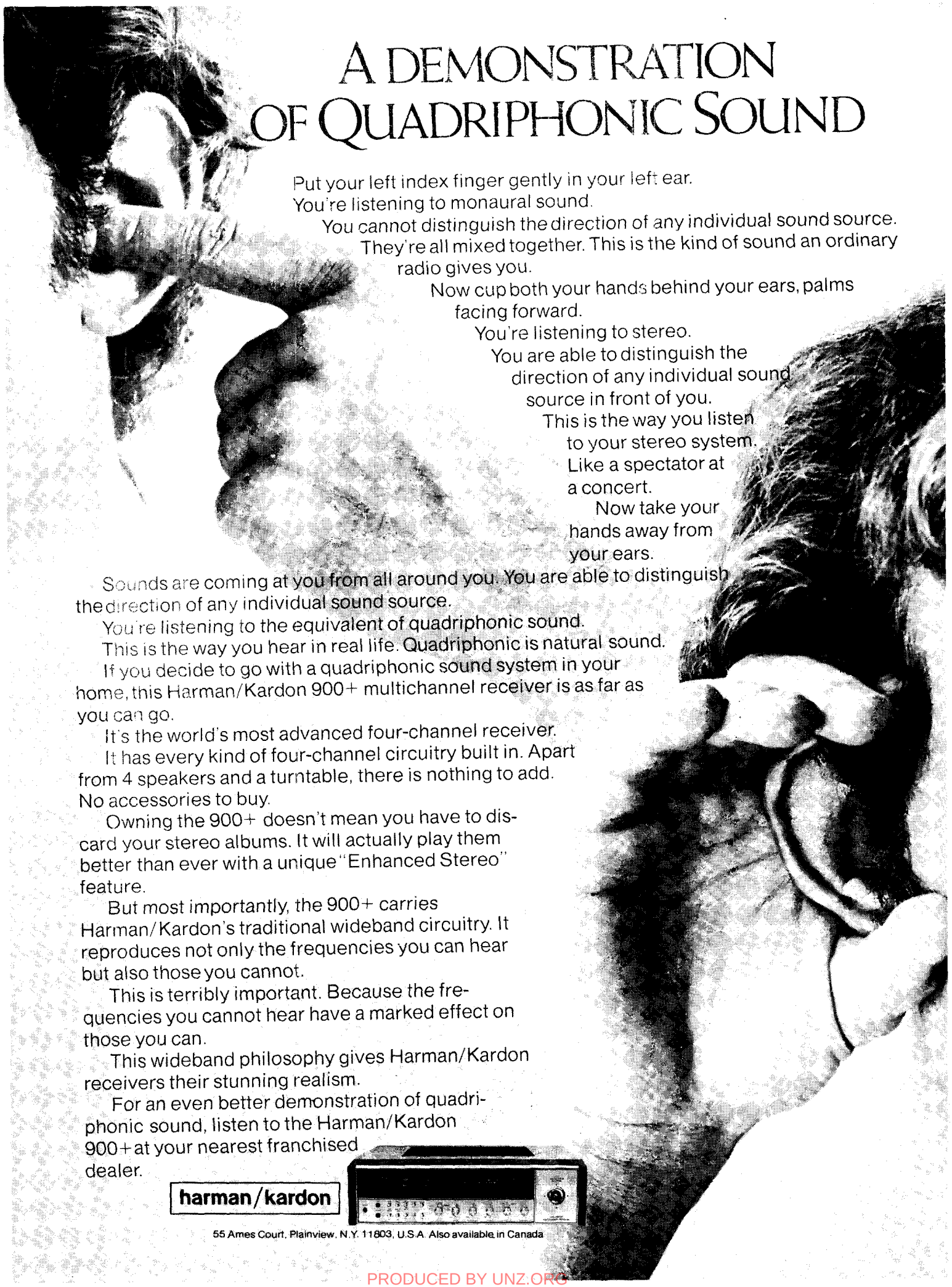

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You're listening to monaural sound.
You cannot distinguish the direction of any individual sound source.
They're all mixed together. This is the kind of sound an ordinary radio gives you.
Now cup both your hands behind your ears, palms facing forward.
You're listening to stereo.
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This is the way you listen to your stereo system. Like a spectator at a concert.
Now take your hands away from your ears.

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